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## THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

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### CHAPTER XXXV.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: MISS BROWN'S TROUBLES COME TO AN END, WHILE MR. ERNE HILLYAR'S FAIRLY COMMENCE.

WELLINGTON ROW, Kentish Town, is a row of semi-respectable houses, in the most dreary and commonplace of all the dreary and commonplace suburbs which lie in the north of London. I should suppose that the people who inhabit them may generally be suspected of having about a hundred a year, and may certainly be convicted, on the most overwhelming evidence, of only keeping one servant.

At least Mrs. Jackson, at No. 7, only kept one, and she wasn't half strong enough for the place. Mrs. Jackson didn't mean to say that she wasn't a willing girl enough, but she was a forgetful slut, who was always posturing, and running after the men, "and so at times it was 'ard to keep your temper with her; indeed it were, I do assure you."

Now the history of the matter is simply this. Martha Brown, the servant-of-all-work ("slavey," as a snob would so suggestively have called her), was a delicate and thoughtful girl, which things, of course, are serious delinquencies in a pot-scourer and door-step cleaner; but, beside and above these crimes, she

had committed the crowning one of being most remarkably pretty—which, of course, was not to be tolerated.

So she had rather a hard life of it, poor thing. Mrs. Jackson was not, on the whole, very kind to her; and, being a she-dragon, not well-favoured herself, she kept such watch and ward over her pretty servant; accused her so often of flirtations which were entirely imaginary, and altogether did so wrangle, scold, and nag at her; that sometimes, in the cold winter's morning, wearily scrubbing the empty grate, or blowing with her lips the smouldering fire, the poor thing has bent down her head and wished that she was dead, and calmly asleep beside her mother in the country churchyard.

She was a country-bred girl, an orphan, who had come up to London to "better" herself (Lord help her!), had taken service in this dull, mean neighbourhood, and was now fearful of moving from sheer terror of seeing new faces. And so here she had been, in this dreadful brick-and-mortar prison, for more than three years, rising each morning only to another day of dull drudgery of the lowest kind. Perhaps, sometimes, there might be a moment or two for a day-dream of the old place she loved. But day-dreams are dangerous for a slave with a scolding mistress. The cat may get at the milk, the meat may burn; and then wrangle and nag for an hour or so, and, ah, me! it is all over—

"She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade—  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes."

What kept her up, you wonder ! Only hope. And—well ! well ! "People in that rank of life don't fall in love in the same way as we do," said a thoroughly good fellow to me the other day. I beg solemnly to assure him that he is quite mistaken.

Every time when anything went wrong with this poor little Cinderella, as soon as the first scalding tears were wiped, she had a way, learnt by long and bitter experience, of calling up a ghost of a smile on her poor face. She would say to herself, "Well, never mind. My holiday comes next Sunday three weeks."

I beg to apologize for telling one of the most beautiful stories ever written (that of Cinderella) over again in my clumsy language. But there are many thousand Cinderellas in London, and elsewhere in England, and you must ask Dr. Elliotson or Dr. Bucknill how many of them go mad every year.

And, as the monthly holiday approached, there would be such a fluttering of the poor little heart about the weather—for it is quite impossible to look one's best if it rains, and one likes to look one's best, under certain circumstances, you know—and such a stitching together of little bits of finery, that the kettle used to boil over sadly often, and unnoticed coals to fall into the dripping-pan, and wrap the meat in the wild splendours of a great conflagration ; and there would be more scolding and more tears. However, all the scolding and all the tears in the world can't prevent Sunday morning from coming ; and so it came. And this was a rather special Sunday morning—for there was a new bonnet with blue ribands, a rather neat thing ; and so she was rather anxious for a fine day.

But it rained steadily and heavily. It was very provoking. The people

were going into church by the time she reached Clerkenwell Prison, and it still rained on : but, what was worse than that, there was nobody there !

Up and down the poor child walked, under the gloomy prison wall, in the driving rain. It is not an inspiring place at any time, that Clerkenwell Prison-wall, as you will agree if you notice it the next time you go by. But, if you walk for an hour or more there, under a heavy disappointment, in a steady rain, waiting for some one who don't come, you will find more melancholy still.

The people came out of church, and the street was empty once more. Then there were tears, but they were soon followed by sunshine. The spoilt bonnet was nothing now ; the wet feet were forgotten ; the wretched cheap boots, made of brown paper sewn together with rotten thread, the dreary squalor of the landscape, the impertinencies of passing snobs, were nothing now ;—everything was as it should be. For there was the ring of an iron heel on the pavement, and the next minute a young fellow came hurling round the corner, and then—

Well ! Nobody saw us do it but the policeman, and he was most discreet. He looked the other way. He had probably done the same thing himself often enough.

I had run all the way from Chelsea, and had almost given up all hopes of finding her ; so, in the first flutter of our meeting, what between want of breath, and—say, pleasurable excitement—I did not find time to tell her that my news was bad ; nay, more than bad—terrible. I hadn't the heart to tell her at first, and, when I had found the heart, I couldn't find the courage. And so I put it off till after dinner. She and I dined at the same shop the last time we were in England, and oh ! the profound amazement of the spirited proprietor at seeing a lady in thick silks and heavy bracelets come in to eat beef ! We had to tell him all about it ; we had, indeed.

At last it all came out, and she was sitting before me with a scared, wild

face. My cousin Reuben and my father had been arrested, but my father immediately released. Sir George Hillyar was dead, and Joe's heart was broken.

"The grand old gentleman dead!"

"Yes. Got up in the night out of his chair, wandered as far as the kitchen, and fell dead!"

"How very dreadful, dear."

There was something more dreadful coming, however. I had to break it to her as well as I could. So I took her hand and held it, and said—

"And now we are utterly ruined, and the forge fire is out."

"But it will be lit up again, dear. You and your father have your skill and strength left. You will light the forge fire again."

"Yes," I answered, "but it will be sixteen thousand miles away. In Australia, dear."

Now I had done it. She gave a low piteous moan, and then she nestled up close to me, and I heard her say, "Oh, I shall die! I know I shall die! I can't bear it without you, dear. I couldn't have borne it so long if I hadn't thought of you night and day. Oh, I hope I shall die. Ask your sister Emma to pray God to take me, dear."

"Why you don't think I am going without you, do you?" I hurriedly asked.

"You *must* go," she answered, crying.

"I know I must; and you must come too. Are you afraid?"

"How could I be afraid with you, darling. But you *must* go, and I must stay behind and die."

"Never mind about that, love. Are you afraid?"

"Not with you."

"Very well, then. You'll have the goodness to get a recommendation from the parson, as an assisted emigrant, *at once*. If you can't, you must pay your passage, and that'll be a twister. Now go home and give warning."

"I couldn't do it, dear," she said, with her sweet, honest eyes beginning to sparkle through her tears, and her mouth beginning to form a smile.

"Couldn't do what?"

"Give warning. I should fall down in a dead faint at her feet."

"Nonsense," I said. "Have it out the minute she opens the door."

"She won't open it. I go in the airy way, and as soon as she hears me come in she comes down and has a blow up at me."

"Can't you get in a wax, old girl?" I asked with an air of thoughtful sagacity, for I saw the difficulty at once.

Old girl thought this perfectly hopeless; and, indeed, I thought so too.

"Then I tell you what. Don't give her time to begin. Get between her and the door, and says you, 'If you please, ma'am—if you please, ma'am—I wish to give you a month's warning.'"

"Month's warning," repeated she.

"And then you take and hook it upstairs."

"Hook it upstairs," repeated she.

"You haven't got to *say* that to her. That's what you've got to *do*. When you come to the word 'warning,' say it out clear, and cut off."

At last, after many trials and repetitions, I got her to give me warning in a reasonably audible tone of voice; after which I saw her home. She made a mess of it after all, as I thought she would all along. She let the woman get between her and the door; and so had to stay and be scolded. But it "eventuated" rather well; for she *did* get into a "wax" for the first time in her life, and gave the woman as good as she brought. Astonished at her own suddenly-acquired audacity, and perfectly unused to fighting, she committed the mistake, so common among young fighters (who have never been thrashed, and therefore don't know the necessity of quarter), of hitting too hard. The end of which was that she was turned out the next day for a nasty, impudent, careless, sleepy, aggravating, and ungrateful little audacious hussy; which was a grand success—a piece of luck, which even I, with my highly sanguine temperament, had never dared to hope for.

While I was yet standing in the street, and making the remarkable discovery that I was wet through, and rather thinking that it must have been raining cats and dogs ever since I had been out, some one came and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw Erne Hillyar. He told me that he had come to find me, and then he told me something else—something which made me sit down on a muddy door-step in the rain, and stare at him with blank amazement and horror.

Erne Hillyar was a homeless beggar.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI.

"I CANNOT conceal from you the fact, my dear Sir George Hillyar," said Mr. Compton, the morning after the funeral, "that your father's death at this moment is a very serious catastrophe indeed."

"Very serious to me, I suppose?" said George.

"Very much so indeed. It is my belief that, if your father had lived another week, he would have altered his will in your favour."

"You are quite sure that he has not done so?"

"Quite sure. He would never have done it without my assistance."

"Do you hear that, you—you—Lady Hillyar?" said George, with a savage snarl, turning to Gerty, who was sitting nursing the baby.

She looked so very scared that old Compton interposed. "My dear Sir George—now really—her ladyship is not strong—"

"Silence, sir," replied George; "I am master here, and allow no one to interfere between me and my wife. Leave the room, Lady Hillyar, and ask your fellow-conspirator against your husband, —the gamekeeper's grandson, my worthy half-brother—if he will be so condescending as to be so obliging as to come and hear this precious will, which he and the lawyer seem to have concocted between them, read out."

"Sir George, I will not be insulted ;

you will remove your papers to some other office."

"Delighted, I am sure," said George, with an insolent sneer; for the old devil of temper was raging full career within him, and there was no help by. "It won't be worth much to any one. I shall insure this house over its value, and then burn the God-forgotten old place down. I don't care what I do."

"Sir George, for God's sake!" said Compton, shocked to see that the devil had broken loose once more after such a long sleep. "Suppose any one heard you, and there was a fire afterwards!"

"I don't care," said George, throwing himself into the chair in front of the escritoire, in which his father had sat the night before he died. "Oh, here is the noble Erne, who plots and conspires to rob his brother of his inheritance, and then sneaks night and day after my wife to prevent her getting the ear of my father."

"George, George, you are irritated; you don't mean what you say."

"Not mean it!"

"You can't, you know; you are a gentleman, and you can't accuse me of such a thing as that."

"I will! I do!" said George.

"Then I say that it is false. That is all. I do not wish to continue this discussion now; but it is false."

"False!" shouted George, rising and advancing towards Erne. "Is it false that I have sat watching you so many months, always interfering? Is it false that I have sat and cursed you from the bottom of my heart? Perhaps you will say it is false that I curse you now—curse the day you were born—curse the day that my father ever caught sight of your low-bred drab of a mother."

George had come too close, or had raised his hand, or something else—no man knows how it began; but he had hardly uttered these last words when he and his brother were at one another's throats like tigers, and the two unhappy young men, locked together in their wicked struggle, were trying to bear one another down, and uttering those inarticulate sounds of fury which one hears



at such times only, and which are so strangely brutelike.

Before Compton had time to cry "Murder" more than once, George was down, with his upper lip cut open by a blow from Erne's great signet-ring. He rose up, pale with deadly hatred, and spoke. His wrath was so deep that cursing availed him nothing. He only said in a low voice, "I will never, never forgive that blow as long as I live. If I ever get a chance of returning it, remember it and tremble, Master Erne."

Erne had not had time to cool and get ashamed of himself yet. He merely returned his brother a look of fierce scorn.

"Now," said George, "let us have this precious will read, and let me turn him out of the house; I shall have that satisfaction. Have you the will?"

"It is in here," said Mr. Compton. "This is the key of the escritoire. Sir George always kept it here, because he had a fancy that in some desperate extremity he might wish to put in a codicil in a hurry. We shall find it in this morocco box. God above us! What is this? Let me sit down: I am a very old man and can't stand these shocks. There is no will at all here!"

"No will?" said both of the brothers together.

"Not a vestige of one," replied Compton, looking suddenly up at George.

George laughed. "I haven't stolen it, old fox. If I had known where it was, I would have. In an instant. In a minute."

"I don't think you have taken it, Sir George," said Compton. "Your behaviour would have been different, I think. But the will was here the day before Sir George died, I *know*, and it is not here now."

"Look! Search! Hunt everywhere, confound you!"

"I will do so. But I have a terrible fancy that your father destroyed this will, and was struck down before he had time to make another. I have a strong suspicion of it. This will has been here for ten years, and never moved. My opinion is that there is no will."

He made some sort of a search—a

search he knew to be hopeless, while George stood and looked on with ghastly terror in his face. Erne had grown deadly pale, and was trembling. At last the search was over, and Compton, sitting down, burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

George spoke first. "Then," said he, in a voice which rattled in his throat, "everything is entirely and unreservedly mine?"

"I fear so."

"Every stick of timber, every head of game, every acre of land, every farthing of money—all mine without dispute?"

"If we can find no will. And that we shall never do."

"You have heard what he has said," said George to Erne, wiping his mangled lips, "and you heard what I said just now. This house is mine. Go. I will never forget and never forgive. Go."

Erne turned on his heel, and went without a word. The last he remembers was seeing his brother stand looking at him with his face all bloody, scowling. And then he was out of the house into the sunshine, and all the past was a cloud to him.

God had punished him suddenly and swiftly. He very often does so with those He loves best.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: ERNE'S NURSE.

"WILL God ever forgive me, Jim? I wish my right hand had been withered before I did it. I shall never forget that bleeding face any more. Oh, my brother! my brother! I would have loved you; and it has come to this!"

And so he stood moaning in the rain before me, in the blank, squalid street; and I sat on the step before him, stunned and stupid.

"I shall never be forgiven. Cain went out from the presence of the Lord. Look, his blood is on my right hand now! How could I? How could I?"

What could I say? I do not know even now what I ought to have said. I certainly did not then. I was very sorry at his having struck his brother

certainly ; but seeing him stand homeless and wet in the rain was more terrible to me. I did not for one instant doubt that what he said was perfectly true, as indeed it was ; and even then I began to ask of myself, What will become of him ?

"Oh, father ! father ! I wish I was with you ! I shall never join you now. He used to say that he would teach me to love my mother when we met her in heaven : but we can never meet now—never—never !"

This last reflection seemed to my boy-mind so very terrible that I saw it was time to do or say something ; and so I took his arm and said—

"Come home, master, and sleep."

"Home ! my old Jim ? I have no home."

"As long as I have one you have one, Master Erne," I answered, and he let me take him away with me.

It was a weary walk. I had to tell him of our misfortunes, of our ruin, of Reuben's ruin, of Joe's terrible disappointment, and of the sad state of mind into which he had fallen—of the cold forge, of the failing food. I had to tell him that the home I was asking him to share with me had nothing left to adorn it now but love ; but that we could give him that still. It eased his heart to hear of this. Once or twice he said, "If I had only known !" or "Poor Reuben !" And, when I saw that he was quieter, I told him about our plans ; and, as I did so, I saw that he listened with a startled interest.

I told him that Mr. Compton had advanced money to take us all to Cooksland, and that we went in a month, or less ; and so I went on thinking that I had interested him into forgetting his brother for a time. But, just as we turned into Church Street, he said—

"She must never know it. I shall die if she knows it. I shall go mad if she knows it."

"What ?"

"Emma must never know that I struck my brother ; remember that."

I most willingly agreed, and we went in.

The dear comfortable old place was nearly dismantled, but there was the same old hearth, still warm. Our extreme poverty was, so to speak, over, but it had left its traces behind still. My father looked sadly grave ; and as for my mother, though sitting still—as her wont was on Sunday—I saw her eye rambling round the room sometimes, in sad speculation over lost furniture. As I came in I detected her in missing the walnut secretary, at which my father used to sit and make up his accounts. She apologised to me also silently, with only her eyes, and I went and kissed her. A great deal may pass between two people, who understand one another, without speaking.

Emma was sitting in the centre of the children, telling them a story ; and she came smiling towards Erne, holding out her hand. And, when he saw her he loved so truly, he forgot us all ; and, keeping his head away from her, he said, "No ! no ! not that hand. That one is—I have hurt it. You must never take that hand again, Emma. It's bloody."

I, foreseeing that he would say too much, came up, took his hand, and put it into hers. But, when she saw his face—saw his pale scared look—she grew pale herself, and dropped his hand suddenly. And then, putting together his wild appearance, and the words he had just used, she grew frightened, and went back with a terrified look in her face, without one word, and gathered all the children around her as if for protection.

"You see even she flies from me. Let me go out and hide my shame elsewhere. I am not fit for the company of these innocent children. I had better go."

This was said in a low tone apart to me. My affection for him showed me that the events of the morning had been too heavy a blow for him, and that, to all intents and purposes, poor Erne was mad. There was an ugly resolute stare in the great steel-blue eyes which I had never seen before, and which I hope never to see again. I

was terrified at the idea of his going out in his present state. He would only madden himself further; he was wet and shivering now, and the rain still came down steadily. I could see no end to it.

"Come up to sleep, Master Erne."

"Sleep! and dream of George's bloody face? Not I. Let me go, old boy."

"Please don't go out, sir," said I louder, casting a hurried look of entreaty to Emma, who could hear nothing, but was wondering what was the matter, "it will be your death."

"Yes, that is what I want. Let me go."

"Won't Freddy go and kiss his pretty Master Erne?" said Emma's soft voice, suddenly and hurriedly. "Won't Freddy go and look at his pretty watch? Run then, Fred, and kiss him."

Thus enjoined, Fred launched himself upon Erne, and clasped his knee. It was with an anxious heart that I raised him up, and put him into Erne's arms. It was an experiment.

But it was successful. The child got his arm round his neck, and his little fingers twined in his hair; and, as I watched Erne, I saw the stare go out of his eyes, and his face grow quieter and quieter until the tears began to fall; and then, thinking very properly that I could not mend matters, I left Erne alone with the child and with God.

I went and thanked Emma for her timely tact, and put her in possession of the whole case; and then, finding Erne quiet, I made Fred lead him up to bed. It was high time, for he was very ill, and before night was delirious.

My mother gave herself up to a kind of calm despair when she saw what had happened, and that Erne would be an inmate of the house for some time, and that of necessity Emma must help to nurse him. She spoke to me about it, and said that she supposed God knew best, and that was the only comfort she had in the matter.

In his delirium he was never quiet unless either she or I were at his side. For five days he was thus. The cold he had caught, and the shock of excitement he had sustained, had gone near

to kill him; but it was his first illness, and he fought through it, and began to mend.

My mother never said one word of caution to Emma. She knew it would be useless. The constant proximity to Erne must have been too much for any efforts which Emma might have made against her passion. I was glad of it. My father merely went gravely about his work; was as respectful and attentive to Erne as ever; while my mother had, as I said before, resigned herself to despair, and left the whole matter in the hands of God.

Poor Joe! His was a bitter disappointment. Secretary to a member of Parliament: and now—Joe Burton, the humpbacked son of the Chelsea blacksmith; all his fine ambition scattered to the winds. He sat silently brooding now for hours; for a week I think he scarcely spoke. Sometimes he would rouse himself, and help at what there was to do, as a matter of duty; but as soon as he could he sat down again, and began eating his heart once more.

I need not say that we were all very gentle and careful with him. We had somehow got the notion that all our sufferings were as nothing to poor Joe's. I wonder who put that notion afloat. I wonder whether Joe unconsciously did so himself, by his tacit assumption that such was the case. I think it very likely. But Joe was never for an instant selfish or morose; unless his want of cheerfulness was selfish. He certainly might have assisted at that family harmony I spoke of; but then he was at Stanlake while we were learning the tune at home.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR IS WITNESS FOR CHARACTER.

AND dark over head all the while hung the approaching cloud. Reuben, Sykes, and the rest of them had been remanded, and the day drew nigh when Reuben would be committed for trial.

The question was, How far was he

really complicated with Sykes and the gang? That he took his father in, and lodged him, and hid him, could not go very far against him: nay, would even stand in his favour. Then his character was undeniably good until quite lately. And, thirdly and lastly, he had been absent at Stanlake for a long while. These were the strong points in his favour. Nevertheless, since his father had made his most unfortunate appearance, there was very little doubt that Reuben had been seen very often in the most lamentably bad company. It was hard to say how it would go.

At last the day came on. I was the only one of the family who went, and I left laughing, promising to bring Reuben home to dinner; but still I was very anxious, and had tried to make up my mind for the very worst. There was a considerable crowd in the police-court; and, as I was trying to elbow my way as far forward as I could, to hear what case was on, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, looking round, saw Sir George Hillyar.

"Come out of court with me," he said; "I wish to speak with you. The case will not be on this half-hour."

I wondered why he should care so much about it; but I obeyed, and we went out together, and walked to a quiet spot.

"What is your opinion about this matter? What do his associates say—these thieves and prostitutes among whom he has been brought up? What do they say about his chance?"

He said this with such fierce eagerness that I swallowed the implied insult, and answered,—

"Six and half-a-dozen, sir. I know him to be innocent, but who is to prove him so?"

"Why did not your father prevent this?" he went on, in a milder tone. "Why did not *you* prevent it? Your father is a man of high character. Why did he not take care of this poor deserted orphan? Christian charity should have made him do so."

"Nobody could have gone on better than Reuben, sir," I answered, "until

his father came back three months ago."

I was looking at him as I said this, and I saw that he grew from his natural pallor to a ghastly white.

"Say that again."

"Until his father came back some three months ago—his father, Samuel Burton, who, I have heard say, was valet to your honour."

"Treacherous dog!" I heard him say to himself. And then aloud, "I suppose you do not know where this man Burton is, do you?"

"That is not very likely, sir, seeing that he was the leader in that very business for which poor Reuben has been took."

"Come," he said; "let us go back. Bring Reuben to me after it is all over."

When we got in again the case was on. It seemed so very sad and strange to me, I remember, to see poor Reuben in the dock; he moment I saw him there, I gave him up for lost. It appeared that a grand system of robbery had been going on for some time by a gang of men, some of whom were in the dock at present—that their headquarters had been at a house in Lawrence Street, kept by an Irish woman, Flanagan, now in custody, and a woman Bardolph, *alias* Tearsheet, *alias* Hobart Town Sall, still at large, and in a garret at the top of the house known as Church Place, which was occupied by the prisoner Burton. The leader of the gang had been one Samuel Burton, *alias* Sydney Sam, not in custody; the father of the prisoner Burton. The principal depôt for the stolen goods appeared to have been in Lawrence Street (I thought of the loose boards, and trembled), for none had been found at Church Place, which seemed more to have been used as a lurking-place—the character of James Burton, the blacksmith, the occupier of the house, standing high enough to disarm suspicion. The prisoner Sykes, a desperate and notorious burglar and ruffian, had been convicted *x* times; the prisoners Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol

y times. There was no previous conviction against the prisoner Burton.

The other prisoners reserved their defence; but Mr. Compton had procured for Reuben a small Jew gentleman, who now politely requested that Reuben might be immediately discharged from custody.

On what grounds the worthy magistrate would be glad to know.

"On the grounds," burst out the little Jew gentleman, with blazing eyes and writhing lips, "that his sole and only indiscretion was to give shelter, and house-room, and food, and hiding, to his own father; when that father came back, at the risk of his life, sixteen thousand miles, to set eyes on his handsome lad again once more before he died—came back to him a miserable, broken, ruined, desperate old convict. He ought not to have received him, you say. I allow it. It was grossly indiscreet for him to have shared his bed and his board with his poor old father. But it was not criminal. I defy you to twist the law of the land to such an extent as to make it criminal. I defy you to keep my client in that dock another ten minutes."

The people in the court tried a cheer, but I was afraid of irritating the magistrate, and turned round saying, "Hush! Hush!" and then I saw that Sir George Hillyar was gone from beside me.

"The old fault, Mr. Marks," said the quiet, good-natured magistrate to Reuben's frantic little Jew gentleman. "Starting well and then going too far. If I had any temper left after twenty years on this bench, I should have answered your defence by sending your client for trial. However, I have no temper; and, therefore, if you can call a respectable witness to character, I think that your client may be discharged."

The little Jew gentleman was evidently puzzled here. His witnesses—I was one—were all to prove that Reuben had not been at home for the last two months. As for witnesses to character, I imagine that he thought the less that was said about that the better. However, a Jew is never nonplussed (unless

one Jew bowls down another's wicket, as in the case of Jacob and Esau); and so the little Jew lawyer erected himself on his tip-toes, and, to my immense admiration, and to the magistrate's infinite amusement, called out promptly, with a degree of impudence I never saw equalled, one of the greatest names in Chelsea.

There was subdued laughter all through the court. "The gravity of the bench was visibly disturbed," said the gentlemen of the flying pencils. But, before the rustle of laughter was subdued, our brave little Jew was on tip-toe again, with a scrap of paper in his hand, shouting out another name.

"Sir George Hillyar."

Sir George Hillyar, at the invitation of the worthy magistrate, walked quietly up, and took his seat on the bench. He was understood to say, "I am a magistrate in the colony of Cooksland, and still hold my appointment as Inspector of Police for the Bumblecoora district. The wretched man, Samuel Burton, whose name has been mentioned as leader of this gang of thieves, was once my valet. He robbed my late father, and was transported. The young man, Burton, the prisoner, his son, is a most blameless and excellent young man, whose character is, in my opinion, beyond all suspicion. He was a great favourite with my late father; and I am much interested in his welfare myself. Beyond the criminal indiscretion of saving the man he calls his father from starvation, I doubt if there is anything which can be brought against him."

This clenched the business. Reuben was discharged, while the others were sent for trial. I was mad with joy, and fought my way out through the crowd to the little door by which I thought Reuben would come. I waited some time. First came out the little Jew gentleman, in a state of complacency, working his eyebrows up and down, and sucking his teeth. After him, by a long interval, Sir George Hillyar; whom I took the liberty to thank. But no Reuben.

Sir George stayed with me, and said

he would wait till the young man came out. We waited some time, and during that time we talked.

"I suppose," said Sir George, "that Mr. Erne Hillyar has been to see you."

I told him that Erne had come to us on the evening next after the funeral—that he had been seized with a fever, had been at death's door, and was now getting slowly better.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that he is a penniless beggar?"

"We know that he has no money, Sir George; and we know that he will never ask you for any," said I, like a fool, in my pride for Erne.

"Well, then, I don't know that we need talk much about him. If you are nursing him and taking care of him on the speculation of my ever relenting towards him, you are doing a very silly thing. If you are, as I suspect, doing it for love, I admire you for it; but I swear to God, that, as far as I am concerned, you shall have no reward, further than the consciousness of doing a good action. He is quite unworthy of you. Is he going to die?"

"No."

"Then he will marry your sister. And a devilish bad bargain she will make of it. I wonder where Reuben is."

"He must come soon, sir."

"I suppose so. I wish he would make haste. Mind you, you young blacksmith, I am not a good person myself, but I know there are such things; and Compton says that you Burtons are good. I have no objection. But I warn you not to be taken in by Mr. Erne Hillyar, for of all the specious, handsome young dogs who ever walked the earth he is the worst. I wonder where Reuben can be."

It was time to see. I was getting anxious to fight Erne's battle with his brother; but what can a blacksmith do with a baronet, without preparation? I gave it up on this occasion, and went in to ask about Reuben.

I soon got my answer; Reuben had gone, twenty minutes before, by another door; we had missed him.

"He has gone home, sir, to our place," I said to Sir George; and so I parted from him. And, if you were to put me on the rack, I could not tell you whether I loved him or hated him. You will hate him, because I have only been able to give his words. But his manner very nearly counterbalanced his words. Every sentence was spoken with a weary, worn effort; sometimes his voice would grow into a wrathful snarl, and it would then subside once more into the low, dreamy, distinct tone, in which he almost always spoke. I began to understand how he won his beautiful wife. A little attentive animation thrown into that cynically quiet manner of his—coming, too, from a man who, by his calm, contemptuous bearing, gave one, in spite of one's common sense, the notion that he was socially and intellectually miles above one—would be one of the highest compliments that any woman could receive.

But, when I got home, no Reuben was there. He did not come home that night, nor next day, nor for many days. Sir George Hillyar sent for me, and I had to tell him the fact. "He is ashamed to see my father after what has happened," I said. And Sir George said it was very vexing, but he supposed it must be so. Still, days went on, and we heard nothing of him whatever.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### UNCLE BOB SURPRISES ERNE.

THERE is very little doubt that Emma would have done her duty better had she kept away from Erne altogether. It would have been fairer to him. She had prayed hard to my mother to be allowed a little, only a little more, of him, and my mother had, very wisely, refused it. Now Providence had given him back to her—had put the cup to her lips, as it were; and she, knowing her own strength—knowing by instinct that she had power to stop when she pleased, and knowing also that, even if her own strength failed, the cup would be taken from her in a very few days



—had drunk deeply. She had utterly given herself up to the pleasure of his presence, to the delight of to-day, refusing to see that the morrow of her own making must dawn sooner or later.

My mother and I thought that it was all over and done, and that there was no good in trying to stop matters in any way; and we were so far right. My mother would gladly have stopped it: but what could she do?—circumstances were so much against her. Busy as she was, morning and night, she must either have left Erne, during his recovery, to take care of himself, or leave him and Emma alone a great deal together. She, as I said before, abandoned the whole business in despair. I was intensely anxious for the whole thing to go on; I saw no trouble in the way. I thought that Emma's often-expressed determination of devoting her whole life to poor Joe was merely a hastily-formed resolution, a rather absurd resolution, which a week in Erne's company would send to the winds. I encouraged their being together in every way. I knew they loved one another: therefore, I argued, they ought to make a match of it. That is all I had to say on the subject.

"God send us well out of it," said my mother to me one night.

"Why?" I answered. "It's all right."

"All right?" she retorted. "Sitting in the window together all the afternoon, with their hair touching;—all right! Lord forgive you for a booby, Jim!"

"Well!" I said, "what of that?—Martha and me sat so an hour yesterday, and you sat and see us. Now, then!"

"You and Martha ain't Erne and Emma," said my mother, oracularly.

"You don't look me in the face, mother, and say that you distrust Erne?"

"Bless his handsome face—no!" said my mother, with sudden animation. "He is as true as steel—a sunbeam in the house. But, nevertheless, what I say is, Lord send us well out of it!"

I acquiesced in that prayer, though possibly in a different sense.

"You have power over her," resumed my mother. "You are the only one that has any power over her. Why don't you get her away from him?"

This I most positively refused to do.

"You'd better," said my mother, "unless you want her heart broke." And so she left me.

"Hammersmith, I want you," called out Erne, now almost convalescent, a short time afterwards; "I want you to come out with me. I want you to give me your arm, and help me as far as Kensington."

I agreed after a time, for he was hardly well enough yet. But he insisted that the business was important and urgent, and so we went. And, as we walked, he talked to me about his future prospects.

"You see, old boy, I haven't got a brass farthing in the world. I have nothing but the clothes and books you brought from Stanlake. And—I am not wicked: I forgive anything there may be to forgive, as I hope to be forgiven—but I couldn't take money from him."

I thought it my duty, now he was so much stronger, honestly to repeat the conversation Sir George had held with me, on the day when Reuben was discharged from custody.

"That is his temper, is it?" said Erne.

"Well, God forgive him! To resume: do you see, I am hopelessly penniless."

I was forced to see that. I had my own plan, though I could not broach it.

"In the middle of which," said Erne, "comes this letter. Read it."

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, MR. ERNE,—From a generous communication received from the new and highly-respected bart, in which my present munificent allowance is continued, I gather that differences, to which I will not further allude, have arisen between yourself and a worthy bart, whom it is unnecessary to mention by name. Unless I am misinformed, this temporary estrangement is combined with, if not in a great degree the cause of, pecuniary embarrassments. Under these circumstances, I beg to call your attention to the fact

that I have now been living for many years on the bounty of your late father, and have saved a considerable sum of money. In case 500*l.* would be of any use to you, I should rejoice in your acceptance thereof. I *owe* your late father more than that, as a mere matter of business. If agreeable to the feelings of all parties, a personal interview is requested.

"Your affectionate uncle,  
"ROBERT HAWKINS."

"Well, what do you think of that?"

"I think very well of your uncle, and I should take the money."

"I *must*. But think of my disreputable old uncle turning up at such a time as this. Do you know my father was always fond of him? I wonder what he is like! I have never seen him."

"Didn't you tell me he drank, sir?" I asked.

"Drink!" said Erne. "He has been drunk nineteen years."

I was lost in the contemplation of such a gigantic spree, and was mentally comparing the case of Erne's Uncle Bob with that of a young lady in Cambridgeshire, who had at that time, according to the Sunday papers, an ugly trick of sleeping for six or seven months at a stretch, and thinking what a pity it was that two such remarkable characters didn't make a match of it, and live in a caravan; moreover, supposing them to have any family, what the propensities of that family would be—whether they would take to the drinking or to the sleeping, or to both—concluding, that whichever they did they would be most valuable properties; in short, rambling on like my mother's own son: when we came to the house in Kensington, and were immediately admitted into the presence.

This mysterious Uncle Bob was a vast, square-shouldered, deep-chested giant of a man, who was even now, sodden with liquor as he was, really handsome. Erne had often told me that his mother had been very beautiful. Looking at this poor, lost, deboshed, dog of a fellow, I could readily understand it. Erne said

he had been drunk nineteen years; if he hadn't told me that, I should have guessed five-and-twenty.

Never having had any wits, he had not destroyed them by drinking; and having, I suppose, wound himself up for the interview by brandy or something else, he certainly acted as sensibly as could have been expected of him twenty years before. Besides, God had given this poor drunkard a kind heart; and certainly, with all his libations, he had not managed to wash *that* away. In our Father's house there are many mansions; I wonder if there is one for him!

At the time of his sister's marriage, he had just been raised to the dignity of underkeeper. Life had ceased with the poor fellow then. He was of an old family, and the old rule, that the women of a family last two generations longer than the men, was proved true here. He had shown signs of the family decadence while his sister showed none. She was vigorous, beautiful, and vivacious. He was also handsome, but unenergetic, with a tendency to bad legs, and a dislike for female society and public worship. Drink had come as a sort of revelation to him. He had got drunk, so to speak, on the spot, and had stayed so. His life had ceased just as he was raised to the dignity of cleaning Sir George Hillyar's first season guns, nineteen years before; and we found him, sitting before the fire, rubbing one of those very guns with a leather on this very afternoon.

He rose when we went in, and made a low bow to Erne, and then stood looking at him a few seconds. "You are very like your mother, sir," he said gently; "very like."

"My dear Uncle Bob," said Erne, "I am come according to appointment to speak to you about the noble and generous offer of yours."

"Do you accept it, sir?"

"I do most thankfully, my dear uncle. I would speak of it as a loan, but how can I dare do so? I have been brought up in useless luxury. I know nothing."

"You'll get on, sir. You'll get on fast enough," said the poor fellow, cheerfully. "Please come and see me some-

times, sir. You're like my sister, sir. It does me good to hear your voice. Hers was a very pleasant one. We had a happy home of it in the old lodge, sir, before Sir George came and took her away. I saw what had happened the night he came into our lodge, after eight o'clock, and stood there asking questions, and staring at her with his lip-a-trembling. I saw. I didn't think—let's see: I was talking about—. Ah! Sam Burton knowing what he knew and not trading on it—no, not that,—I mean I hope you'll come and see me sometimes. If my head was to get clear, as it does at times, I could tell you all sorts of things."

"My dear uncle, there is but small chance of our meeting for years. I am going to Australia."

"To Australia!" I bounced out, speaking for the first time.

"Certainly," said Erne; "I can do nothing here. And, besides," he added, turning his radiant face on mine, "I found something out last night."

Poor Uncle Bob gave Erne a pocket-book, and, after many affectionate farewells, we departed. I was very thoughtful all the way home. "Found something out last night!" Could it be all as I wished?

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE LAST OF THE CHURCHYARD.

"AND so it is really true that the ship sails this day week, Emma?" said Erne Hillyar to Emma Burton, laughing. "Matters are coming to a crisis now, hey?"

"Yes, they are coming to a crisis," said Emma, quietly. "Only one week more."

"Only one week more of old England," said Erne, "and then four months of wandering waves."

"It will soon be over," said Emma.

"Oh, very soon," said Erne. "They tell me that the voyage passes like a peaceful dream. There are some who sail and sail on the sea for very sailing's sake, and would sail on for ever. The

old Greeks feared and wearied of the sea. We English love it as our mother. Yes, I think there are some of us who would love to live at sea."

"They leave their cares on shore," said Emma.

"They are like you and me, Emma. They have no cares."

"Have we none?"

"I have none. I leave everything humbly in the hands of God. I have been a great sinner, but He has forgiven me. He has been very merciful, Emma."

"I hope He will have mercy. I hope He will lay no burden on any of us greater than we can bear. But, at all events, they say that duty and diligence will carry one through all."

"You are disturbed and anxious, Emma, at this breaking up of old associations. Come with me. Let us walk together down to the old churchyard: it will be the last time for many years—possibly for ever."

"Yes, I will come with you. It will be for the last time for ever. Let us come."

So they two went down together to the old churchyard, and stood in the old place together, looking over the low wall on to the river. The summer evening was gathering glory before it slept and became night. And beyond the bridge, westward, the water and the air above were one indistinguishable blaze of crimson splendour. At their feet the tide was rushing and swirling down to the sea.

They were quite alone,—in perfect solitude among the tombs. Erne was standing, as of old, on the grave of the Hillyar girl, so often mentioned before; and Emma was beside him, touching him, but looking away across the sweeping river.

And so they stood silent for a long while. How long? Who measures lovers' time? Who can say? But the sun was dead, and only a few golden spangles of cloud were blazing high aloft in the west, when Emma felt that Erne had turned, and was looking at her. And then her heart beat fast, and she wished

she was dead, and it was all over. And she heard him say, with his breath on her cheek—

"What beautiful hair you have!"

"Yes."

"Here is a long tress fallen down over your shoulder. May I loop it up?"

"Yes."

"May I kiss you?"

"Yes; it will soon be over."

"My darling—my own beautiful bird!"

There was no answer to this, but a short sob, which was followed by silence. Then Erne drew her closer to him, and spoke in that low, murmuring whisper which Adam invented one morning in Eden.

"Why have we deferred this happy hour so long, Emma? How long have we loved one another? From the very beginning?"

"Yes, I think it was from the very beginning."

"Are you happy?"

"Quite happy. Are you happy, dear?"

"Surely, my own," said Erne. "Why should I not be?"

"Then let us be happy this one week, Erne. It is not long. God surely will not begrudge us one week; life is very long."

So they stood and talked till dusk grew into darkness upon the poor cripple-girl's grave. And she lay peacefully asleep, nor turned upon her bed, nor rose up in her grave-clothes, to scare her kinsman from his danger.

The next day was dark and wild, and he was up and away early, to take the last headlong step. His friend, James Burton, went with him, and Erne took passage in the same ship by which the Burtons were going.

It was a busy, happy day. There were many things for Erne to buy, of which he knew nothing, and his humble friend had to assist him in fifty ways. At intervals of business Erne found time to tell Jim everything, and that worthy lad was made thoroughly happy by the news. They were together all day in the driving rain, scarcely noticing that it blew hard till they got on board ship, and then they heard it moaning melan-

choly aloft among the spars and cordage, telling of wild weather on the distant sea.

At evening it held up; and Erne, coming home, missed Emma, and followed her down to the churchyard. It was a very different evening from the last: low clouds were hurrying swiftly along overhead, and far in the westward a golden bar, scarcely above the horizon, showed where the sun was setting; and, as they looked at it, grew dark once more.

"Emma, my love, it is done."

"What is done?"

"I have taken passage in the same ship with you."

Was it a moan or a cry that she gave? Did it mean joy, or sorrow, or terror? He soon knew, although it was too dark to see her face.

"Don't kill me, Erne, by saying that! Don't tell me that you've been such a madman!"

"My darling, what do you mean?"

"Keep your hand from me, Erne. Do not kiss me. Do not come near me."

"Emma, what is the matter?"

"It is not too late, Erne," she said, kneeling down on the wet tombstone. "If you ever loved me—if you have any mercy on me, or on yourself—don't carry out this intention."

"In Heaven's name why, my love?"

"If I had not thought that we were to part for ever and ever, inexorably, at the end of this week, I could have stopped you in a thousand ways. But I thought that surely I might have one single week of happiness with you, before we parted never to meet again."

"Why are we to part?"

"I have devoted my whole life to one single object, and nothing must ever interfere with it. I have made a solemn vow before heaven that nothing ever shall. I allowed myself to love you before I knew the full importance of that object. Even in the old times I saw that I must give you up for duty; and lately that duty has become ten times more imperative than ever. Judge what hope there is for us."

Erne stood silent a moment.

"Speak to me! Curse me! Don't stand silent! I know well how wicked I have been, but think of my punishment—"

"Hush! my darling. You are only dearer to me than ever. Hush! and come here, once more—for the last time if you will, but come."

"Only for one moment. Will you do as I ask you? You will not come with us?"

"I will see. I want to ask you something. Did you think that I was going to part from you at the week's end as if nothing had passed? Could you think so of me? Were you mad, my own?"

"Yes, I was mad—wicked and mad. I did not know, I did not think. I *would* not think."

"And do you think I can give you up so lightly now? I *will* not. I swear it—will not."

He felt her tremble on his arm, but she said, quietly, "You must let me go. We must never talk to one another like this again. It is all my fault, I know, I have no one to blame but my wicked self. Good-bye, Erne."

"If you choose to carry out your resolution, you shall do so; but I will be by your side. I will never leave you. I will follow you everywhere. I will wait as long as you will, but I will never give you up."

"God's will be done," she said. "If you will make my trial harder, I can only say that I have deserved it. We must come home, Mr. Hillyar."

"Emma!"

"I have called you Erne for the last time," she said, and walked on.

That night the poor girl lay sobbing wildly in bed hour after hour—not the less wildly because she tried to subdue her sobs for fear of awakening her sleeping little bed-fellow, Fred. Shame at the licence she had allowed Erne, meaning as she did to part with him; remorse for the pain she had inflicted on him; blind terror for the future; and, above all, an obstinate adherence to her resolution, which her own heart told her nothing could ever shake—these four

passions—sometimes separately, sometimes combined—tore her poor little heart so terribly, that she hoped it was going to burst, and leave her at rest.

In the middle of the night, in one of the lulls between her gusts of passion—lulls which, by God's mercy, were becoming more and more frequent; when the wild wind outside had died into stillness, and the whole house was quiet; when there was no sound except the gentle breathing of the child by her side, and no movement except its breath upon her cheek—at such time the door was opened, and some one came in with a light. She looked round and said—

"Mother!"

The big, hard-featured blacksmith's wife came to the bedside, and sat upon it, drawing her daughter to her bosom. She said, "Emma dear, tell mother all about it."

"Kiss me then, mother, and tell me I am forgiven."

"You know you are forgiven, my daughter."

"I never meant to have him, mother. I always loved him; you know that; but I had vowed my life to poor Joe, before ever I saw him. You know you told me to give him up, and I did. I only asked for one more day of him; you remember that."

"And I forbade it."

"You were right and wise, dear. But then he came here in his trouble; and then, dear," she continued, turning her innocent, beautiful face up to her mother's, "I loved him dearer than ever."

"I know that, of course. I don't know what I could have done. Go on, and tell me what has happened now."

"Why, knowing that we were to part for ever at the end of the week"—here her voice sank to a whisper—"I let him tell me he loved me; and I told him I loved him. Oh, my God! I only wanted one week of him—one week out of all the weary, long eternity. Was that so very wicked?"

"You have been wrong, my darling; you have been very, very wrong. You must go on to the end; you must tell me what happened to-night."

"To-night? To-night? In the churchyard? Yes, I can tell you what happened there well enough. I am not likely to forget that. He told me that, so far from our being separated for ever, he had taken passage in the same ship with us, and was going to follow me to the world's end."

"And what did you do?"

"I knelt and asked his forgiveness, and then cast him off for ever."

Poor Mrs. Burton sank on her knees on the floor, and looked up into her daughter's face.

"Emma! Emma! Can you forgive your wicked old mother?"

"Forgive *you*! I, who have dragged our good name through the dust! I, who have let a man I never meant to marry kiss my cheek! I forgive you?"

"Yes, my pure, innocent angel—for so you are—your poor old mother asks your forgiveness on her knees. I might have prevented all this. I broke it off once, as you remember; but when he came back, I let it all go on, just as if I wasn't responsible. I thought it was Providence had sent him back. I thought I saw God's hand in it."

"God's hand *is* in it," said Emma.

"And Jim was so fierce about it; and I am so afraid of Jim. He wants you to marry Erne; and I thought it might

be for the best; but I see other things now. Are you afraid of Jim?"

"Yes; what will he say about this?" said Emma.

"He will be very angry. He must never know."

"Erne will tell him."

"Is there no chance of your relenting about Erne Hillyar?" said Mrs. Burton, in a whisper.

"You know me, mother, and you know there is none; I should drag him down."

"Then you must go on with your duty, my child. If you die, dear—if God takes you to His bosom, and lets you rest there—you must go on with your duty. Emma, I will give you strength. He would never be happy with you for long, unless he lowered himself to our level; and would you wish him to do that? He is one to rise in the world, and we, with our coarse manners and our poverty, would only be a clog round his neck. I love him for loving you; but remember what he is, and think what a partner he should have. You see your duty to him and to Joe. If the waves of the great, cruel sea we are going to cross rise up and overwhelm us, let your last thought before your death be that you had been true to duty."

*To be continued.*

## CORRUPTION AT ELECTIONS.

### "MR. CHRISTIE'S SUGGESTIONS."

BY F. D. MAURICE.

WHEN the Association for the Promotion of Social Science was established, many ridiculed the grandeur of its title and the largeness of its aims. Not a few predicted that it would devote itself to a magnificent philanthropy, and, therefore, would accomplish nothing for the removal of ordinary evils. There was an excuse for these anticipations, whether they expressed the fears or hopes of

those who entertained them. The great name might have been made an excuse for little doing or no doing. Simple devices for practical reformation might have been swept away by floods of rhetoric. The conductors of the Association have laboured diligently—on the whole, it seems to me, successfully—to avert these dangers. They have welcomed cordially the propositions of



individual members who have urged them to grapple with direct mischiefs which were not likely to attract the attention of legislators, and were sure to be pronounced incurable by officials. If they have allowed those to talk to whom talk is a necessity, they have shown a decided preference for action. They are making themselves, I trust, seriously disagreeable to several classes of evil doers.

Nothing may do more to justify the existence of this Association, and to explain its real objects, than an effort to which Mr. Christie, the late Minister in Brazil, has incited it. In an admirable paper, which he read on the 24th of February, he proposed "An Organization for the Restraint of Corruption at Elections." He gave specimens from Blue Books and from the evidence before Election Committees of the extent of the evil. He showed—without any exaggeration of language—in manly, vigorous English, that whatever efforts had been made for its repression, it was still debasing the moral and political life of our country. He urged the importance of collecting information upon the subject, and presenting it more distinctly than it has ever yet been presented to the mind and conscience of the nation. He expressed his belief that there would be a response to the appeal in men of all parties and schools. All had been guilty of the crime, yet all had in them that which protested against it, that which might be effectual in overthrowing it. He pointed out the importance of directing public opinion against the briber; the duty of treating many of what are considered the lawful expenses at elections as practically bribes; the necessity, therefore, of educating every class to a more enlarged apprehension of the sin, as well as a more intense abhorrence of it, than any of them can be credited with now. Mr. Christie had the high privilege of being supported in a few weighty and pregnant sentences by Mr. Mill, who came down to the Association expressly that he might give his adhesion to the movement. It would have been strange if,

with such encouragement, the council of the Association had exhibited any backwardness to inaugurate this agitation. It is an instance—the most striking which can be given—the way in which a body for collecting and diffusing information and acting upon the spirit of a nation, may strike at a crime a body invested with legislative functions has failed to reach. The Association may not, ultimately, be the best instrument for effecting Mr. Christie's object. A separate league, a more elastic and active organization, may be needful to expose local scandals and stir up local zeal. But to have commenced that work will be always a high honour for the Association. It will prove that Social Science is essentially practical; that its ends are altogether moral ends; that a body absolutely free from party tendencies—and, therefore, open to the charge of vague comprehensiveness—is wanted to point out the means for accomplishing those ends.

The first thought which occurs to one on reading Mr. Christie's "Suggestions," is probably this—"Why was not this done years ago, at all events when the Reform Bill was passed? What money might have been saved for good purposes, what a mass of abomination might have been averted if it had!" The second, and the more rational, exclamation will be this—"How happily the moment has been chosen for the experiment. What great probability there is that it would have been a failure during the years when the nation believed in parties, and thought that the victory of one or the other was worth purchasing at any price, even at the price of its own degradation and baseness! What a hope there is now, when that faith is in abeyance—when the revival of it, however desperately attempted, is scarcely possible—that the protest against the evils which it fostered and sanctified may no longer be an inert and slumbering one, but may be heard through the length and breadth of the land, and may compel the most indifferent to take part in it."

Mr. Christie's Essay was read and published when a general election was

thought to be nearer at hand than it is now; the delay is all in his favour. It appeared before Mr. Gladstone's celebrated speech on the six pound franchise; that speech supplies an argument which may be addressed with equal effect to those whom the speech has filled with dread and to those whom it has filled with hope. Conservatives of Property! do you tremble that your influence shall be swamped by that of men who have none? Then, in God's name, come forth and show that you are not using your property to corrupt and brutalise those who commit their trust to your keeping, to brutalise the whole land. Swear that you will not any longer try to reduce the men who are in possession of the franchise to a level far below that of the worst whom you would exclude from it. Men of Progress! do you claim for the people who work with their hands a power or right from which they are debarred? Do you say that they have made good their title to it, that they have proved their ability to exercise it, by the signs they have given of intelligence and of endurance? What right are you asking for them? Show that it is not the right to be demoralised, the right to be robbed of their manliness, the right to have their intelligence stunted, their endurance turned into sottishness. Put the question which way you will, look at it from whatever side you will, this obligation is clear and imperative. It should have been confessed long ago. Show the sincerity of your political convictions, whatever they are, by confessing it now.

To get this confession frankly made, openly put forward, by men of all parties, is what Mr. Christie desires. No doubt the experiments in Parliament to put down bribery and corruption have done something. They have represented a certain amount of indignation in the country against the crime, a certain amount of shame in those who have committed it, or have winked at the commission of it. They have been feeble and inadequate experiments precisely because there has been no

adequate amount of indignation in the country against the crime, no sufficient shame in those who commit it, or wink at the commission of it. The moral sense of England is keener than it was on this as on other subjects. It is half awake, and between waking and sleeping utters some dreamy, incoherent expressions of regret for the drunkenness of the night before, at least for the morning's headache. These expressions are faithfully embodied in the acts of the Legislature against paying or treating at elections. But those acts scarcely cultivate the feeling which has produced them—do not raise it to any higher pitch. They often lower it. There is a conscious feebleness in them. Their authors are accused of attempting what they cannot accomplish. Lawyers detect flaws in the machinery for working them. They leave an impression upon our minds that only the surface of the evil has been grazed; that it cannot be destroyed. And when they are supported by the exclusion of members, or even the disfranchisement of boroughs, there seems to be a self-righteous pride in the punishers which creates a reaction of pity for the victims. "It is only a decimation," we say; "they have fallen through ill-luck; probably there were many far more guilty."

All this shows that there must be a cry raised which shall not be against particular offenders, but against the offence—not against some flagrant exhibitions of it, but against the principle from which it has issued—not against those who take, but against those who give. A cry; I do not mean a *shriek*. Shrieks are the proper utterances of men trembling for some abuse, against those who would remove it. They belong of right to the craftsmen, who are afraid that the worship of some great goddess is likely to be set at nought. *Cries* arise from the deep heart of a nation, for the removal of abuses which it has tolerated—which it has, at last, discovered to be absolutely incompatible with its honesty and its freedom: which it is determined, at all costs, and with

deep repentance for its participation in them, to have done with for ever. Shrieks reach the houses of Parliament, and produce a terror there which checks the progress of some reformation that will at last be accomplished, or produce some sudden acts of legislature which must soon be repealed. Those cries, more deep than loud, in which the true spirit of a land comes forth, are not understood in a moment by its representatives; are drowned, it may be, some time, by the shriekers, or laughed off by the scorners. But when the shriekers are hoarse, and the wit of the scorners is dry, these are found to have a meaning in them which must be heeded. Legislation obeys an impulse which it was unable to create. The evil, a few petty details of which could not be touched without much fear, under many protests, with a reasonable expectation of disappointment, is torn up by the roots. In 1807, the King, the Royal Family, the West India interest, the leading merchants of the great towns of England, were as much in favour of the slave trade, as they had been while the greatest statesmen of England were in vain pleading for its abolition. But the conscience of the nation had been awakened; it was stronger than all these; and though the eloquence of Burke, Pitt, and Fox was silent, only sixteen members of the House of Commons had courage to support a traffic on which large majorities had declared that the very existence of our commerce depended.

That example is an encouragement to any effort of the kind which Mr. Christie has suggested. Lord Brougham wishes that bribery should be made a felony. That might be a very desirable measure if it could be carried: the sight of the son of a peer in penal servitude for tampering, or allowing others to tamper, with the honesty of a journeyman, might be an edifying spectacle. But till the mind of the country is more alive to the crime than it is, the felony would be with benefit of clergy. There would be compassion for that penal servitude, which would be wholly wanting in the case of frauds in a Joint Stock Bank. There

would be petitions to the Sovereign—perpetual applications to the Home Office—for a relaxation of the hard sentence. It would lead to greater ingenuity in the practice of corruption; not, I fear, to the undermining of it. And there are multitudes of acts essentially corrupt—essentially affecting the character of our representatives and the manliness of our citizens, which it would not even approach. An appeal to what is true and honest in the English people—an effort to enlist that against the abominations which it connives at, may seem less effectual than these stringent measures of punishment; it may really touch cases as well as principles, which would escape and defy those measures.

I allude especially to a class of bribes on which no one cares to bestow that title, and which ought to bear the same disgrace with those that draw down the wrath of committees. Mr. Christie has appealed earnestly—more respectfully than we deserve—to members of my profession. He has called for our co-operation in redressing an evil which we must know does more to impair the morality of the country than all our sermons can ever do to raise it. I hope that co-operation will be afforded by every clergyman in the country. But he must come to the task with clean hands. He must be sure that he is not himself receiving the rewards of corruption. I do not expect that he should not, in some degree, apply a professional standard to the merits of a candidate. If he thinks church-rates all-important to the existence of the Church, the defender of church-rates is likely to have his support. I trust he will consider a few other points besides that; I hope he will try to take some measure of the moral and intellectual status of the man who offers himself; that he will not be quite determined by specific promises of a vote for the plans which at any given moment he may consider best—of opposition to the plans which he may consider worst. I should suppose he had some experience of the worth and permanence of such promises which might make him hesitate before he

accepted them as pure gold; even if he has not learnt those maxims of Representation, set forth in Burke's speech at Bristol, which should lead us to suspect them as ridiculously inconsistent in a man who is entering a deliberative assembly. On the whole, however, the man whom the clergyman takes to be interested in the subjects which particularly interest him—if he does not understand that his vocation binds him to be interested in all subjects which concern the well-being of his fellow-citizens—may have a reasonable chance of his vote. What he knows of the general liberality of the candidate, therefore, in promoting charities or ecclesiastical objects may be one element—a legitimate element, if it is duly tempered with others—in affecting his judgment. But how if this general liberality takes the special form of liberality towards the restoration of the Church for which the clergyman is begging just at the eve of an election? How if a convenient sum, which will just set the school that has incurred a heavy debt straight, arrives shortly before a dissolution from a gentleman who is about to canvass the borough? Does the clergyman join the committee of that canvasser, or give his vote upon the hustings for that reason? Then he is to all intents and purposes bribed. Let him not evade the imputation by saying that the object is not a selfish, but a disinterested one. Would he take money out of the till of a shopkeeper for that disinterested object? Would he forge a cheque on the county bank for that disinterested object? These are crimes which the law would punish without the least respect to their object. Is a clergyman to think chiefly of crimes punishable by law? Has he no belief that there are sins which are deeper than such crimes, and which no outward penalties can reach? Does he resort to a threadbare and nasty story, and say, "*non olet*?" I say his offence does smell to heaven if it does not smell in his nostrils. I say that he is offering an ample excuse to the poor man—who has a wife and children that are quite as precious to him as the restoration of the

Church, or the paying the school debt, can be to the clergyman—for selling himself to the agent who puts five pounds under the plate on which there is a very small amount of bacon and bread.

I am afraid there are some clergymen who would be inclined to answer, in their tenderness, "Well, poor fellow; and if he does that, what harm, except that he has put himself within the risk of a prosecution?" The number of those who would say this, I am thankful to say, is diminishing every day. It would have been a common speech twenty years ago. It would have been joined with another: "Why shall not we pay men to do the right thing if we cannot get them to do it on other terms, especially when it may make a great difference to us whether they do it or not?" Such questions once were asked boldly and unblushingly; now they are whispered in corners. The consciences of men answer their own sophisms whether they assume the shape of pity or of patriotism. "The poor man whom you compassionate has, by taking the bribe, lowered himself in the scale of human beings. He has done that which makes him more incapable of doing just acts, of being a just man, of apprehending just principles. If your teaching happens to have the object of giving him apprehensions of justice, of making him a just man, of enabling him to do just acts, then he has made himself more incapable of listening to that. But to this extent your toleration of him is justified. He has not done worse than you. He has copied your example." And again, as to that notion of paying the man to save his country, "can any one believe that you who put forth the proposition have any, the slightest discernment of the man who is likely to save his country, of the way in which it can be saved? Has not every honest citizen a right to suspect any candidate whom you favour of doing what in him lies to destroy his country? There is no need to repeat the stale maxim that good ends must not be promoted by bad means. Your means are altogether

worthy of your ends, and will conduce to them."

I have been drawn into these remarks chiefly by the desire to show how needful such an agitation as that which Mr. Christie proposes is, to scatter a number of plausible prettexts for ill-doing which influence good men, and also to scatter those paradoxes which are still heard from time to time, and the impression of which survives from the days in which they were heard more frequently. There is another class of persons very dangerous in all elections, to whom, I think, such a movement may be very beneficial. I mean the wives, sisters, cousins, female friends generally, of candidates for boroughs. They have been told by persons whom they respect that "bribery and corruption are very wrong in the abstract." Now, they have no more notion than I have—I honour them for it—of anything being wrong in the abstract. Abstract slavery, where there is no slave and no slavedriver, does not seem to women, with their simple, true convictions, at all horrible. It becomes horrible and hateful to them when it presents itself in the concrete, when there is a slave and a slavedriver. So if they are told that bribery is very bad in the abstract, how can that proposition appear to them of any great force and validity, when there is a concrete and very handsome captain in the Guards who is soliciting the votes of a set of concrete and, in their sight, rather ignoble sellers of raisins and of yards of cloth? They are quite sure that if the captain in the Guards could ever get into Parliament he would not only make a prodigious impression there, but that all society would receive a new influence from his appearance and his speeches. How can a mere abstract offence hinder them from doing their very utmost to accomplish an object so interesting to them, and so desirable for the world, as that of procuring him a seat? Why should not infinite boxes of notoriously spurious eau de Cologne be ordered from the worthy perfumer who promises his support? Why should not the unprincipled linendraper, who owes so much

gratitude to the family and yet has evidently pledged himself to the other side, be threatened with the loss of its custom? To bring these natural acts of affection for an individual and zeal for the human race under the category of abstract sins is clearly impossible. Unless, therefore, something can be done in this case, as in the parallel one, to translate the offences into the other region—the region of the intelligible and the actual—influences which might be made powerful for the reformation of the land will very often indeed, be working to demoralise it. If ladies were shown the debasement which their encouragement and their threats were causing to the shopkeepers of their own town—to the poor on whom they would willingly empty their purses and bestow hours of kind visitation; if they could learn how palsied the young member for whom they have laboured becomes through the consciousness of having used such immoral influences to make himself a member—how he sinks into the mere lounge of a club, the mere favourite of a set, because he has learnt to regard all classes except his own as instruments which he may degrade that they may help him to rise; if these terrible facts could be made apparent to women, who often feel most nobly when their acts are most unjustifiable, the benefit to them and to the land would be unspeakable.

I will add one word to the class with which the editor and writers of a magazine may be supposed to have most sympathy. The literary men of England are recognising more and more their relation to the political life of England, yet they are standing more than ever aloof from it. So long as they cannot respect the House which has most share in the government of the country, or the means by which those who compose it find their way into it, so long this inconsistency must continue. They will indulge in cold and contemptuous criticisms upon its acts and upon the expressions of its members; they will injure themselves by those criticisms more than the objects of them. No



changes which shall affect the mere composition of the House as a representative of the upper, the middle, or the lower classes can materially change this feeling. Any change which shall exalt the self-respect of the representative, by exalting the self-respect of

the constituents, will diminish it—will, at last, remove it. Will not men of letters, then, lend themselves heartily to an effort for this purpose? Will they not claim their own place as citizens by helping to make their fellow-citizens worthier of the name?

### "RESURRECTURIS."

#### A POEM FROM THE POLISH OF SIGISMUND KRASINSKI.

I SUPPOSE it may be taken for granted that ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred never so much as heard of the name of Sigismund Krasinski. Yet he would rank high among modern poets, were he not rendered well-nigh inaccessible to fame by the language in which he wrote. At the same time, no one in any degree acquainted with Polish can fail to recognise in that language a richness and vigour, combined with a remarkable simplicity, hardly surpassed by the Greek. While Polish will go word for word into Greek, without any perceptible change of construction, and into English or German without suffering much violence, it refuses absolutely to be rendered into French. Yet the French is just the one language into which translators have hitherto tried to force it. It is said that the poet Mickiewicz, who disputes with Krasinski the first place in the estimation of his countrymen, after reading a French translation of his poems, laid the book down with a sigh, exclaiming that from henceforth he renounced all claim to be considered a poet.

It is, indeed, a matter of surprise that in these days, when Englishmen scour land and sea in search of something new, and unearth Norse tales, Icelandic legends, and Servian ballads, for the benefit of the British public, they should with one accord have agreed to pass over the rich field of Polish literature. It is high time that the claims of such really remarkable poets as Mickiewicz and Krasinski were at least laid before

the English reader. Were we but superficially acquainted with the masterpieces of Polish literature, we should not need the excitement of an insurrection to turn our thoughts towards, and remind us of the continued existence of, that unfortunate nation. It should be borne in mind that the Poles do not die when the newspapers cease to write about them. That unintelligent sympathy, which is ready to burst out in England whenever the Poles throw down the gauntlet to one or other of their oppressors, would then be changed into an intelligent admiration of a people which in its century of bonds has produced so remarkable a literature. Just as Vesuvius resorts to periodical eruptions to save itself from falling quite out of the world's memory, so does the indifference of Europe drive Poland to insurrection, that men may at least talk of her for a time.

Whether it really be the difficulty of the language, or not rather the want of interest taken in Poland in repose, combined with a general disbelief in the existence of a Polish literature, which keeps the very names of Mickiewicz and Krasinski a dead secret to the outside world, it is a fact which is much to be regretted. If we are thereby the losers, the Poles, on the other hand, gain by the intense fervour with which their poets address themselves to the narrow circle of their own countrymen. I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm with which a Polish lady remarked to me one day, "*Nous avons Mickiewicz—a*



nous," as much as to say, "We have him all to ourselves. To you he is nothing, but to us he makes up for everything else." While an Italian or German poet is to a certain extent the common property of all nations, the Pole is conscious that his song will be unheeded by the world at large; and hence that intense nationality which characterizes Polish poetry. That stanza in Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"—

"Like a poet hidden,  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought,

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded  
not"—

is peculiarly applicable to the Polish poet, "pouring his full heart," full of anything but the skylark's gladness. To the Germans, who ought to have acted as the interpreters of Polish thought, coming as they do into immediate contact with the Poles, the gems of Polish poetry are offences—condemned as Prussians and Austrians are, in common with Russians, to see nothing in Poland but the reflection of their own crime; but we, "who have free souls," may find something besides treason there. The circulation of all the works of Krasinski is strictly forbidden in Russian Poland, and the prohibition of the subjoined poem "Resurrecturis" extends to Galicia.

Byron, almost alone of Englishmen, knew and appreciated Mickiewicz; and it is much to be regretted that the time which he devoted at Venice to translations from the Armenian was not spent in rendering some portion of his friend's poems into English. Though in the main widely different, there is yet sufficient resemblance in the genius of Byron and that of Mickiewicz to admit of some sort of comparison. With Krasinski, on the other hand, Byron has nothing whatever in common. Indeed, you might search modern literature in vain for a thinker with whom Krasinski has any real affinity. In Shelley there are here and there touches which remind one of Krasinski; but these are to be accounted for rather by the outward similarity of their lives than by any

kindredness of spirit. Both led a secluded life abroad, and wrote among strangers; and both were more or less misunderstood by their own countrymen. This circumstance sufficiently accounts for the under-current of melancholy which runs through the poems of both; but here the resemblance ends. While Shelley obeyed the impulse of his genius in abandoning himself to the beautiful in nature, Krasinski saw the hand of God everywhere; and hence the deep religious colouring which pervades his poems.

Strictly speaking, Krasinski is less of a poet than a preacher, or prophet; and, in reading him, you would rather suppose you had before you the utterances of an Isaiah, or of a Dante, than of a poet produced by, or rather in spite of, the nineteenth century. Krasinski's highest aspiration is the moral education of his countrymen; and the constant aim of his poems is to teach them to make nothing of their present sufferings in comparison of the glorious recompense in store for them.

There is a strange similarity between the fate of the Jews and that of the Poles; and it is not a little remarkable that at the present day there are more Jews in Poland than in the whole of the rest of Europe. It would almost seem that, in granting an asylum to the Jews at a time when they were cruelly persecuted in every other country of Europe, the Poles must have seen in the sufferings of this unfortunate people a foreshadowing of the fate in store for themselves. As the Jews were then everywhere trodden under foot, and scattered to the four winds of heaven in search of a home, so is it at this moment with the Poles. The destinies of these two nations seem to be linked together in a remarkable manner, and the leading idea of them both is what the world persists in regarding as an insane expectation of national regeneration. As in the case of the Jews, so with the Poles, the sins of the fathers have been visited with terrible severity on the children; and, as their sweetest singers rose up among the Jews during the captivity, so has the

literature of Europe been enriched by Poland's century of bonds.

The similarity between the circumstances of the Jewish history and those of his own country was often present to the mind of Krasinski. In order to understand the following poem, it must be borne in mind that, according to Krasinski, Poland is the modern scape-goat of nations, destined to bear the sins of the rest, but that one day, in the fulness of time, the national humiliation is to be recompensed by a glorious future. To point out to his countrymen what line of conduct will render them most worthy of the heritage in store for them, is the scope of the following poem. The poet exhorts them above all things not to sell their souls (*i.e.* their nationality) for those material goods which are so freely offered them by their enemies.

In conclusion, a few words as to the life of the author. To his own countrymen, Sigismund Krasinski was only known as "the anonymous poet." His unwillingness to attach his name to his poems arose from unfortunate family differences. General Count Krasinski, the father of the poet, lent all his influence to induce his countrymen to accept the Russian yoke with a good grace. This attitude of his father to-

wards the Russian Government was the great grief of the life of the son, whose regard for his father was only second to his love for his country. Partly in order not to compromise his father, and partly because of the bad odour in which the family name stood with his countrymen, owing to General Krasinski's Russian policy, the poems of Sigismund Krasinski were published anonymously at Paris, where the poet died a few years ago. To the end, he steadily rejected all offers of lucrative posts, made to gain him over, by the Russians. It can only be regarded as a happy thing, that he did not survive to witness the outbreak of the present insurrection, which he would surely have looked upon as precipitate action. To use his own words in the following poem, he would never have admitted "that the bell of universal events had sounded for action." Yet, if they neglected the prudential part of their poet's teaching, the youth of Poland showed, by the fearless way in which they met death, that they had laid to heart some portion of Krasinski's exhortation. Much of the poem "*Resurrecturis*," which was written some ten years ago, has been painfully illustrated by the events of the past year, and reads like a prophecy.

## RESURRECTURIS.

THIS world is a graveyard of tears, of blood, and of mire,  
To each one of us an everlasting Golgotha!

In vain the soul casts about her,

Writhing in her agony.

From the storms of life

There is no landing-place here.

Destiny mocks us every moment!

The workers she hurls into the gulf;

Takes the saintly, takes the lovely;

Leaves the unlovely!

Everything is knotted, and will not get untangled;

Death is at hand; and, in the distance,

Somewhere on the far-off waves of ages,

RESURRECTION!

Well, then, why not grow hard and stony-hearted ?  
 Among murderers, become murderers,—  
 Among criminals, be criminals too,—  
     Lie, hate,  
     Kill, and scoff,—  
 Paying the world back in its own coin ?  
     Lo ! this shall be our strength !  
 Or let us eat and drink, and sink to nothingness,  
     Only gilding over our beastliness—  
 Pampering the body, and letting the mind run to seed—  
 And so be counted among the fools and happy !

    Oh no ! my soul !  
     Hold ! draw back !  
 These are no weapons for those  
 Who would march in the van of the nations.  
 Not with evil must he pursue evil

    Who would destroy it.  
     Alone in all the world  
     The force of silent suffering  
     Is able to crush crushing destiny.  
     Lo ! this alone is action ;  
     Which, at a single breath,  
     Shall sweep into nothingness  
 Whatever is grovelling, or presumptuous, -  
     Both but one kind of rubbish.

    Oh ! know thyself !  
     Ask not to be lord,  
     Like God in heaven ;  
 Neither be like the beasts, which rot at grass in the meadows !  
 On this side the grave, before the Resurrection dawn,  
 Be a man, by thy suffering stamped of heavenly birth !  
 Be an arch-worker of unbending will !  
 Be patientness,—that queen-mistress of adversity,  
 Who rears her pile out of nothing, brick by brick !  
 Be that loser whose prize is always afar,  
 But who in the end wins for all eternity !  
 Be rest amid the storms of unrest ;  
 Be order in chaos—harmony in discord ;  
 Be an eternal beauty in the eternal fight of life !  
 Only to the grovelling and the self-righteous  
 Be a threat, a wrath, or saintlike silence !  
 With the hypocrites have no dealings at all ;  
 To all others be an angel's breath !  
 Be that food on which the heart feeds ;  
 Be a sister's tear to thy brother in misfortune,  
 And a man's voice when his manhood is like to fail him !  
     To the homeless—be home ;  
     To the hopeless—be hope ;  
 To yon sleeping corpses be an awakening thunder-clap !  
 In thy wrestlings with the fury of this hell-world,  
 At all times, and in all places, be that winning force,  
 Charity, whose strength is stronger than death !  
     Be a hell of love !

Continually, in word and deed,  
 Expend thyself on thy brethren !  
 Multiply thy one self by thy living actions,  
 And out of thee alone shall be a thousand !  
 Though it be in bonds, be an untiring worker !  
 Make of each pain, pain as it may, no pain !  
 In thy one breast be thy whole people !  
 Be a miracle joining earth to heaven,  
     A saintliness in bonds !

Rush not on death, ere, like a grain in the earth,  
 Thy thought shall be sown in men's hearts and fructify ;  
 As long as the victory of martyrdom is not sure—  
 For the good of thee alone, and not of thy kind—  
     Shun martyrdom !

They are fools who grasp  
 At vain crowns of glory ;  
 They are only heroes, who leap  
 Into the yawning gulph ;  
 But the higher force of the soul  
 Heeds not such tinsel.

Only then, when, with its penetrating vibration,  
 The bell of universal events shall sound for action,  
 Will it be time for thee to offer thyself a ransom.  
 When thou hast hearkened to thy country calling thee,  
 Thy spirit will sink in penitent submission  
 On the threshold of the portal of the two worlds ;  
 And into thy soul, spread out there before God,  
 The inbreathing voice of the Deity shall pour through the silence.  
 Then arise ; and, like the runner whose course is run out,  
 Shake off from thy feet the dust of this earth.  
 Arise ; and, like love, which dies for that it loves,  
 Spread out thy arms, and soar heavenwards.  
 Arise ; speed to meet the hangman  
 Speeding towards thee—greeting such guests  
 In silence—with a blessing—without grief—  
 With the pitying glance of thy immortality !  
 Then seal thy witness, big with future promise,  
 With death—the budding of the higher life !

What the world called a dream and a delusion,  
     Make it a reality ;  
     Make it a faith ;  
     Make it a right—

Something fixed and tangible,  
     Something holy,  
 Which shall bore deep into men's hearts  
 Like a dagger, and stick there for ever,  
 Though it seem but to touch the surface lightly  
     Like a breath of air ;

Until the world, thy murderer,  
 Of itself fall on its knees, and confess  
 That God and Fatherland  
 Are the conscience of nations.

When thy thought shall stream from thy body  
Clothed in the flowing purple of thy blood,  
This thought of thine shall be as a flood of light,  
A judgment of God gleaming on high  
Over the base herds of the ungodly.

Then shall withstand it  
Neither men, nor deeds,  
Nor lies, nor shams,  
Nor genius, nor praise,  
Nor kings, nor peoples;  
And on the third day,  
Over the grave of thy sufferings,  
Out of the gulf of calamities,  
Of the flood of events,  
The unborn shall be born—  
Righteousness shall arise!

W. H. B.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS  
OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. CHALMERS.—PART I: HIS YOUTH.

It was a favourite speculation of Dr. Chalmers—well do I remember the walk with him in which he confided it to me with reference to himself,—that, if a man were spared to the age of sixty, he then entered on the “Sabbatic decade” of human life, and ought to be able to look forward to a final ten years of rest and of pious meditation towards Heaven, after the six tens passed in growth, or in labour, controversy, and worldly turmoil. When I first became acquainted with him, he was, according to this figure, in the late Saturday evening of his life, or near the end of his sixth decade. His “Sabbatic decade” should have begun on the 17th of March, 1840, when he completed his sixtieth year; which birth-day of his, as it recurred, we always remembered more by token that it was St. Patrick’s day, and that the Irish students about the University appeared on it with shamrocks in their hats, and he had always a party of them, shamrocks and all, to dine with him in the evening. But, though that birth-day passed, there was no “Sabbatic

decade” for him, any more than I suppose there had been for the saint under whose influence he had been born. The great “Non-intrusion Controversy,” as we used to call it, was raging—a controversy, one may say, of his own making; and it was to rage and rage, with new developments—in all of which he had to take part—as long as he remained on the earth. It was at the beginning of one of these new developments, when he was once more a-field as generalissimo, and his hands were full of public meetings, committee-meetings, and all the vast business of a difficult national organization—it was then that, in the walk to which I have referred, and which happened after a public meeting from the fag-end of which, and its last hurrahings and clutchings of him, he had managed to escape, he broke out thus to me, with pain in his voice, “Oh! this is not what I thought to be doing in my old age! The years of man being threescore and ten, the last ten should be for all a kind of Sabbatic decade. What I used to look forward to was such

a Sabbath decade for myself at the close of my life—a time for peace, and piety, and Christian literature." He paused a little, and then muttered to himself, "peace, and piety, and Christian literature," as if they were items he had thought of well. The time was never to come. He was then founding the Free Church; and, though, during the closing year or two of his life, he did withdraw himself from as much of the formal business of that Church as might then be resigned to younger men, he was, in one way or another, in harness to the last—even till that memorable Monday morning of the 31st of May, 1847, when, on going to waken him early for some final additions to a report he was to read that day in the General Assembly, they found him dead in his bed. He had passed away, alone, in the middle of the night, to join another and vaster General Assembly which was also expecting him; and the Sabbath for which he had longed was to be that only Sabbath of all the weary which begins not till beyond the stars, if even there is Sabbath there.

Already, I find, I have connected Dr. Chalmers with the "Non-intrusion Controversy" of Scotland and with the foundation of the Free Church. During the time when I knew him, these were certainly, as far as appearances went, his main occupations; and they were the natural conclusion of his whole previous career as a theologian and ecclesiastic. But, although it is with the Scottish "Non-intrusion Controversy," fancied as some frantic much-ado-about-nothing, or unintelligible tempest in a tea-pot, that most Englishmen, and even many Scotchmen, now identify Dr. Chalmers; and although that Free Kirk of Scotland, which is now chiefly a subject of comic allusion, if not actually of derision, with writers beyond its borders, is the veritable construction which he left behind him on the soil of Britain in posthumous witness to the energy of his life—there is nothing of which I am more sure than that those who have to extract their idea of Dr. Chalmers out of what they know by hearsay about these things

will have an idea miserably inadequate to the reality. At a fitting time I might go farther. I might ask whether the Free Church, in its present state, is such a Church as its founder would have had it to be if he had still been alive, or only a shrivelled something, calling itself by his name, but which has been waiting since his death for a new blast from his spirit ere it can be owned by him without shame in that realm of larger lights from which he now surveys his native land. For the present, what I am anxious to say is, that while the form of Dr. Chalmers's career was indubitably that of a theologian and ecclesiastic—nay, while it was that of a theologian and ecclesiastic in the popularly-constituted and not very learned church of a small Presbyterian nation, and while it ended in hurling that nation into an agony the results of which do not for the present seem to outsiders to have been particularly beautiful,—yet he was such a man by nature, was so manifestly a commissioner of ideas, and gave such dignity and significance to his career by the magnificence of his method in it, that I know of no recent British life more worthy of study than his. With his son-in-law's admirable biography of him beside me to keep me right in particulars, and with the venerable face and form which I knew gazing in upon me from the haze as I write, let me first review that portion of the life which was past before my knowledge of him began.

A quiet, venerable town, well worthy of a visit, is St. Andrews, on the east of Fifeshire. It is a town of a few quiet streets on a rocky bit of shore over which the sea-breezes blow freely, and with a few small vessels and fishing-boats in its quiet harbour, and ranges of uneven downs stretching from it along the sea, so as to afford the most famous ground for the game of golf known in all Scotland. But not for its small signs of commerce, and not for the sight of the golfers in red coats plying, at most times, their stately game on its spacious links, is St. Andrews so interesting as for its antiquities and general air of



antiquity. It was the Canterbury, or ancient ecclesiastical capital, of Scotland—the seat of the Scottish Primacy till the Reformation; and, in walking through its quiet streets, you walk not only amid the memories of that old ecclesiastical system, and of Knox's first outbreaks against it, but actually amid its ruins and quaint stony relics. Telling of the most ancient time of all are the chapel and tall square tower of St. Regulus, the exact date of which is unknown, but which commemorate the legend of the introduction of Christianity into Pictish North-Britain by the Greek priest St. Rule or St. Regulus. Sent by a holy dream to that remote coast in the fourth century, and bringing with him seventeen monks and three nuns, and some bones of St. Andrew, he was wrecked in the bay, so that all he brought ashore, besides his companions, was the bones of the apostle. On the site thus consecrated by St. Andrew's relics there arose, in due time, a mediæval cathedral, which the reforming fury, roused by Knox, did not "ding down" so thoroughly but that portions of it are yet standing. Then there is a ruined fragment of the old Castle by the sea, where the archbishops of St. Andrews resided, and from a window of which Cardinal Beaton looked upon the burning of the Protestant martyr Wishart; round about, within a little space, are fragments of old monasteries, once companions of the Cathedral and Castle; here and there through the town are other bits of antique building; and, if you stroll in a moonlight night to the sea-cliff for a look over the far-glimmering bay, you follow the angles of a thick old wall, which you would fancy to be the ancient wall of the town, but which really marked the precincts of the Priory, and you pass out beyond this wall through ghostly archways and portals before you seem to breathe the sea-air of the present century. At the time when all these relics were in their complete state, and part and parcel of the fabric of the place, St. Andrews was an important Scottish town, with a considerable population,

and an amount of trade to correspond. But after the Reformation, when it lost its prestige as the ecclesiastical capital, it shrank and dwindled, till, in the end of the last century, it was one of the sleepest old Scottish towns exposed to the influence of the east-wind. "One of its streets is now lost," says Dr. Johnson of it in 1773, "and in those that remain there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation." Even at that time, however, St. Andrews retained a certain characteristic consequence. The first University founded in Scotland had been that of St. Andrews, in the palmy days of its ecclesiastical primacy; and even after the place had begun to decline from the effects of the Reformation, and there had arisen, moreover, four competing Universities in other parts of Scotland, the University of St. Andrews still continued to exist, and to serve as a convenient seat of learning for at least Fifeshire and the districts adjacent. For more than a century the University has consisted of the united colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard for the purposes of the general curriculum, and St. Mary's College, set apart for theology. Still mainly a quiet and venerable-looking academic town, with professors and their families, closely grouped together, for its leading inhabitants, and a moderate number of students congregated in it in lodgings during winter, St. Andrews has of late wakened up not a little—has added to itself new streets, schools separate from the University, and what not, and is now less solitary and out of the world than it was. Within easy recollection, when the first street cab or "minibus" was set up in it, there was a proposal that the vehicle should receive the academic name of "*The Deipnoplautum*," seeing that its sole use in a town of such small distances was likely to be the conveyance of the professors and their wives *seriatim*, on rainy evenings, to parties at each other's houses; but, of late years, Oxford and Cambridge men of the highest note have not disdained to accept and hold professorships at

St. Andrews, and to try to drive things on there at English speed. If one had resolution to resist a certain tendency to somnolence generated by the quiet, by the ecclesiastical ruins, and by the sea-breezes, it would be a pleasant place for a man of science or of letters to retire to, with the run of the University library. And then, however it may be with strangers, the vitality of the Fifeshire natives is of a sturdy kind, and accustomed to the local conditions. To them the saltiest east winds are sweet, and, if they do doze, it is in the Fifeshire manner, with heads full of dreams.

A long while ago, when George the Third was King, and Pitt was the minister in possession, and when the French Revolution was at its most frantic height, so that the soul of Burke was more appalled than ever, and Britain had at last unanimously adopted his policy, and flung itself, at the head of a European coalition, into war with the French demons—back in those old days I can see the venerable University town of the East Neuk of Fife, pursuing the even tenor of its way, and the flutter in its quiet streets of the little flock of students then attending its classes, and hearing such rumours of the great events of the world as were brought, by slow means of communication, into that angle of Scotland. From that little flock of students I can pick *him* out—the largest-headed, dreamiest-eyed youth among them all. He is very young—absurdly young, according to our present notions, for his stage at the University; the youngest St. Andrews student of his year indeed, and the youngest that had matriculated at the University in his time, with the exception of a certain John Campbell, the son of a Fifeshire clergyman, then also studying there, and afterwards to be known as the Lord Chancellor of England. But, though of the same Fifeshire birth and breeding, this youth was by no means, even then, one whit like John Campbell. Nature had set very different and more transcendent marks upon him. He was, as we have said, large-headed—to a degree beyond the ordinary standard even of very large heads; brown-haired;

of strong and broad, rather than very tall, build; with features of a large, white, and roughish cast, that would admit of plenty of improving sculpture from the action of the mind within; the forehead very broad; the eyes small, dull, and heavy-lidded, and the space between them particularly wide; the manner absent, but manly, with a tendency to be riotously hearty; the gait, on the whole, awkward, but with a certain unexpected expertness in some movements and gestures, consequent on his being left-handed. They called him “mad Tam Chalmers.” He had been sent, in November, 1791, when only in his twelfth year, from his native place of Anstruther, on the other side of the East Neuk, and about ten miles distant from St. Andrews, to begin his studies at college along with an elder brother. His father—a man of great integrity, piety, and good-humour—was a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant in the then Scottish sense of the term, in Anstruther; and, of a family of fourteen, born to him and his wife, Elizabeth Hall—a grave, methodical, and anxious-tempered woman of the same county—Thomas was the sixth. For his first two sessions at St. Andrews he had been of note among his class-fellows only for his idle boyishness and extravagant animal spirits—always ready for golf, foot-ball, hand-ball, a ramble about the town, or a pelting-match on the beach with mussel-shells; in any such frolic always the heartiest and least malevolent in his mirth; but with no sign of intellectualism about him, unless it might be in his vehement and picturesque way of expressing himself, and occasionally in the odd and abstracted look into which he would fall, with his over-weighted head and cloudy and far-separated eyes, till the course of the fun, or the laugh at his expense, had startled him up again. The school at Anstruther had done little for him; and such scraps of his letters at this time as remain show that he had then to trust to Nature for his English spelling and syntax, quite as much as some of our young gentlemen—not at all likely to turn out Chalmerses—still have to do in

these days, when they leave school for college. But, in his third session at St. Andrews, a change had happened to him. It was the year 1793-4, when the Revolutionary war on the Continent was raging at its widest and fiercest, and France was writhing in its terror under Robespierre and the Jacobins, and the Christian religion had been abolished, and the worship of Reason substituted instead. Human Reason, however, had not been so completely aggregated in France, even by the premium thus put upon her residence there, but that some portion of the subtle fluid had been left to float in a more diffused and quiet state through the atmosphere of other parts of the earth. Now, Fifeshire was not quite out of Reason's range; and, in looking about for likely young recruits in that neighbourhood, what quantum of the diffused power was there localized and acclimatized had made a sudden seizure of our big-headed St. Andrews student. To explain the way of the occurrence more prosaically, we may mention that, from singularly unanimous accounts, it appears that St. Andrews University had then mainly two things to be proud of—the teaching of her accurate, and much-loved philosophical Latinist, John Hunter, then holding the Humanity Professorship; and, along with this, a tradition of unusual mathematical excellence and ardour, dating from the time, some seventeen years previously, when the nominal incumbent of the mathematical chair, Professor Vilant, finding himself disqualified by ill-health, had committed the duties of the chair to well-chosen assistants. First in the series of these assistants had been a Mr. Glennie, author of a treatise on projectiles. Then had come a Mr. John West, of whose subsequent life I know little, save that he afterwards went to Jamaica, but who must have been a superb teacher, and who has a reputation yet among mathematicians, and especially among lovers of pure geometry, for his "Elements of Mathematics, comprehending Geometry, Conic Sections, Mensuration, and Spherics," published in 1784—a work so remarkable for its original

structure, and for its choice collection of theorems and problems, that I advise any one who may see a stray copy of it at a book-stall to secure it at any price. Out of a little group of young mathematicians formed by West during his assistantship, two, at least, became afterwards distinguished in the scientific world—Sir James Ivory and Sir John Leslie. A third pupil of his, of less general celebrity, but who succeeded him in the assistantship, and won golden opinions from all who knew him there in that capacity, was Dr. James Brown, afterwards, for a short time, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow. Brown was a man of varied accomplishments, of whom Dugald Stewart himself said that he had never met any one who could converse more elegantly and precisely on mathematical or metaphysical subjects. He had been already the mathematical assistant for some years when Chalmers went to St. Andrews; and, by general confession, he and Dr. John Hunter were then the only two real lights of the place. To all appearance, Chalmers had as yet resisted the influence of Hunter. He had not taken to Latin or to grammar in any form; and, whatever respect he may have had for Hunter, he had not been so pervious to that sort of instruction as that Hunter would have picked him out as a promising student. But, on coming, in a more particular manner, under Brown's influence, in his third session, he had been kindled all at once into intellectual enthusiasm. The dormant mathematics in him—and I have hardly ever met a man in whom the mathematical mode of thought, especially in the form of an incessant play of the faculty of number, was constitutionally so strong—the dormant mathematics in him had been roused into conscious action. He was in a fever of mathematics—cultivating both the analytical and the geometrical, but more enamoured, as he continued to avow himself throughout his life, with the direct and frank beauty of geometry than with the charms of her craftier and more far-reaching sister. So far

from having to spur him, his teacher had to hold him in. From that time Chalmers was a somebody among the St. Andrews youths—one of Brown's best. And the mathematical wakening-up had been a general wakening-up. Chalmers was not one of those of whom it is alleged there are many—"mere mathematicians," whose minds seem to consist of a mathematical organ, and nothing else, and who, out of mathematics, are loutish and incapable. He was one of that class, of which there have been many splendid examples, in whom the happy appearance of the mathematical faculty announces, perhaps for the first time, the great general strength of a yet unemployed intellect. At all events, the mathematical ardour kindled in Chalmers had become a general mental ardour, applying itself not only to mathematical theorems and problems, but to everything around him. Here, too, the influence and conversation of Brown had been of use to him, introducing him to ethical and political questions, and to glimpses of a region of speculation in which one had to deal with other matters than circles, or triangles, or algebraic formulae, however far the method caught among these might still assist. Accordingly, during the remainder of his general curriculum, we find him mingling with his enthusiasm for mathematics and physics a passion for speculation on moral and social subjects, and gratifying this passion, so far as might be, by active membership in a little society of his fellow-students, calling itself "The Political Society," and by the reading of particular books. One of the books that took the strongest hold on him was Godwin's "Political Justice ;" and it was some time before the doctrines of that work were shaken out of his mind. But perhaps the most curious effect of his general mental rousing by mathematics was that it made him go back, in a way of his own, for some parting benefit from that influence of Hunter the full benefit of which he had missed. Latin scholarship, indeed, was now past praying for ; and all the Latin that

Chalmers carried with him during his life might have been held in a tea-cup, while of Greek he had not more than would have gone into the smallest liqueur-glass. But he had set himself with extraordinary energy, in that famous third college session, to the task of learning how to write English, and this with such success that though, when he began, he could hardly spell correctly, he acquired in a marvellously short time the habits of rapid, yet deliberate, composition which remained with him through life, and within two years had formed a style, of peculiar structure, which was substantially Chalmers's to the last. In this bout of rhetorical training the main tuition came from the struggle of his own excited mind, and of the ideas that were filling it, into suitable arrangement and rhythm ; but his readings of Godwin had some effect, and the opportunities of hearing Hunter's lectures, as well as Brown's, materially assisted. Hence, next to Brown, though at a considerable interval, he always remembered Hunter as the teacher to whom he had been most indebted at St. Andrews.

Thus already in a state of intellectual ferment for two years, Chalmers had passed on, in his sixteenth year, to the four years' course of theology in the same University which was to qualify him, according to Scottish routine, for the clerical profession. These four years were, for him, a period of increased ferment. I can imagine nothing in the shape of a young mind in a state of action more continuously fervid and tumultuous than the records prove to have been that of this Fifeshire Grostête during these four years—in the winter and spring months attending the theological classes at St. Andrews, and varying the somewhat cold and dry doctrine he received there with readings and enthusiastic ruminations of his own, or with talks in-doors and out-of-doors with the companions he found congenial, or with weekly essays and discussions on Free Will, Predestination, &c. in a theological society, where there sat among his fellow-members

John Leyden and the future Chancellor Campbell (destined then for the Kirk of Scotland, and not for the Law of England); and in the summer months returning to his father's house at Anstruther, and there or elsewhere expatiating, as he loved to think that Adam Smith had done before him in an equally abstracted mood, among the sea-views of his native coast. They had called him "mad Tam Chalmers" in his undergraduate days—applying the name then to his heavy, bizarre look, and to the extravagant bursts of his humour and animal spirits. There are legends of his "madness" in those days. One is how, being once engaged, with other students, in an evening frolic in the streets of St. Andrews, he unfastened or tore off a sign from over a particular shop-door, and carried it to his lodgings, and how, on the next morning, when the tradesman, having traced his missing property, came furiously at the head of a body of his neighbours to demand it, Chalmers thus harangued the little crowd from his window: "A wicked and adulterous generation demand a sign, and no sign shall be given them." As I was told this legend on the very spot of its occurrence, and was even shown the window whence the harangue had been spoken, I took the most exact pains I could, short of asking Dr. Chalmers himself, to inquire into the truth of the story. It is, I am sorry to say, a pure myth. I have no doubt, however, that there is a certain verisimilitude in it—a certain expression, in an imaginary or borrowed incident, of the real recollection of Chalmers, and of what he might have done, in his undergraduate days. But, though the name of "mad Tam Chalmers" still accompanied him beyond those days into the four years of his theological studentship and riper approach to manhood, it was with an altered and elevated meaning. He was still, indeed, the same bluff, hearty, jovial-mannered youth, whose dreamy-looking eyes, occasional fits of absence when he would mutter to himself, and eccentricities caused by those fits of

absence, betokened the presence of an unusually big Fifeshire bee inside his bonnet. It is a perfectly authentic story that, when in his nineteenth year he had accepted the situation of private tutor in a Scottish family of some wealth, in order to lessen his father's expenses for the time, and when his mother, brothers and sisters, and the rest of the household at Anstruther, were taking leave of him at the door, with more than usual emotion at the thought that their Thomas was setting out for such a situation among strangers, the emotion was converted into roars of laughter by an instance of Thomas's absence of mind. Coming out of the house confused and rueful with the leave-taking, he had gone to the wrong side of the horse that was to carry him so far on his journey, and, as they looked to him for the last adieu, there he was seated on the animal with his face to the tail. Nor, to modify the impression made by these occasional uncouthnesses and oddities arising from his absent ways, was there the excuse of those moping and bookish habits which sometimes produce the like in a certain class of students. Though he fastened on particular books with an avidity which made their contents then and there a part of his being, and the dates of his first acquaintance with them epochs in his life, and which even blocked his mind to the fact that other books had been written of as great importance, he never was a book-worm; and, to the last, two or, at most, three hours of intense effort a day, instead of the usual six or eight hours of the professional man of letters, sufficed for his own literary labours. In youth, as in later life, he was a sociable and open-air intellect—out for walks in the fields, the streets, or whatever the neighbourhood was; doing his thinking as he walked, or observingly taking in, when he was not too abstracted, the range and particulars of the landscape, the meteorology overhead, and the incidents, humours, and physiognomies that passed him. There is ample evidence, too, that there never was anything in him



of that kind of fatuous self-forgetfulness or indifference to personal dignity which often accompanies eccentricity or habits of mental absorption. On the contrary, he was about the manliest young fellow breathing, and, though the readiest to join in the laugh against himself when caught with his face to the horse's tail, or in any similarly absurd predicament, yet always with a hot fund of self-assertion which prevented the impressions of such incidents from travelling a hairsbreadth beyond the moments to which they belonged, and which would not tolerate, in his relations with others, a semblance of disrespect. When wakened out of one of his brown studies by the laughter of his fellow-students, who, after watching him for some time, would break in upon him with a "Hillo ! Chalmers," and the information that he was half-crazy already, and would soon make up the other half if he did not mind what he was about, "Very well, my good lads," he would say good-humouredly, shaking his fist, and in he would be among them uproariously for the next twenty minutes, with some flashes of his cogitations by way of amends. Rather than put up with a real indignity he would, I believe, even while he was yet a mere stripling, have set Fifeshire in a blaze about it. A very conspicuous proof of this—a peculiarity of temperament which he retained all through his life—was to be given by him within a few years after his course as a student was over, when, on some real or fancied slight upon him in connexion with the mode in which he had discharged the duties of a temporary teachership in the University (the same mathematical assistantship which West and Brown had held), he was to beard the professors in full assembly, dare them, and all the Presbyteries of Fife to boot, to put him down, and make the whole world of St. Andrews and its dependencies ring with his wrongs. But a less public, though equally characteristic example of the same quality was given by him in that very tutorship to which, while yet a divinity-student, we have seen him set out from his father's

door in so singular a fashion. The family was not at all one to his mind—of the petty, illiberal and purse-proud ways to be found sometimes among the wealthy of commercial towns. The idea of the lady of the house as to the proper relations of the tutor to the family was that he was there only as the associate of the boys, to sit silent and subservient in his appointed place at table when the family were together, and to have his meals served to him in his own room whenever there was company. Chalmers was up in arms instantly. "In consequence of the low idea 'they have of the respect due to a tutor,' he writes home to his father after two months, 'it is impossible for me to talk 'with freedom and confidence. I have 'observed more than once my attempts 'to participate in the conversation dis-'countenanced by the frown of superior 'dignity. Hence those who frequent the 'house—many of whom would bow full 'low in your dining-room—regard me as 'unworthy of their notice, and return 'my salutations with cold indifference.'" The feud proceeded from bad to worse—Chalmers at last resorting to such methods of open warfare as that of always marching off to an opposition supper-party of his own at a neighbouring inn whenever there was a family-party from which he was excluded ; till, after a while, the family, amazed at the unmanageable Tartar they had got for a tutor, were glad to release him from his engagement. Let such items of character as these enter into our conception of the "mad Tam Chalmers" of the later and more intellectual years of his St. Andrews studentship. Above all, as the real cause of that extraordinary demeanour which distinguished him then from his fellow-students and made them look upon him as one possessed, let there be conceived a mind not only incapable of taking things coolly or with any ordinary degree of youthful ardour, but even incapable of existing from day to day unless in a state of protracted ecstasy or whirlwind over some object of contemplation or other. Take him in any year of the four from his seven-



teenth to his twentieth, and you will find him contemplation-drunk. You may even ascertain, in any particular year, the theme or the set of themes that is holding him entranced. For one whole twelvemonth he was in a state of "mental elysium," as he afterwards described it, with the constant thought of the Infinity and Majesty of Godhead—not a single hour elapsing in which the overpoweringly impressive imagination of the great glowing light in the centre of all was not bright before his inward eye, and his mind was not on the strain extending it in circles beyond circles to the outermost bounds of things—the rapture of the repeated process being so great that it was his habit all that twelvemonth to wander in the fields early in the morning, that he might indulge in the glorious conception undisturbed. Again it was Jonathan Edwards on Free Will that was in possession of him, and he was in a dogmatic phrenzy of Necessitarianism. "He studied Edwards on Free Will with such ardour," says one of the most intimate friends of his college-days, "that he seemed to regard nothing else, and scarcely talk of anything else, and one was almost afraid of his mind losing its balance." Anon there came the reading of Mirabaud's "System of Nature," and for a time, from the influence of that work, a cold wind of philosophic Atheism swept through the very mind that had lately been in such a rapture of natural Theism, and, in lieu of a Universe filled with God, he had incessantly before him the other alternative of an eternity of matter and motion obeying a law of Evolution. Nor were the politics of the day absent from his thoughts. As the Revolution in France and the war with France passed on from stage to stage, and especially after there began to flash upon the world the new power of the young Bonaparte, of these things also was note taken, in the same passionate way, by the young St. Andrews student. He would burst out about them with a vehemence of feeling utterly disproportioned to any concern which he, or even Fifeshire as a whole, could

be supposed to have in them. It is still recollected that, when it came to be young Chalmers's turn to pray publicly in the Divinity Hall, the people of St. Andrews used to flock in to hear the solemn allusions to contemporary events, and, above all, the harrowing descriptions of the horrors of war, which he was sure to bring in.

The rule in the Kirk of Scotland then was that no student of divinity should receive the licence from his Presbytery, which made him a probationer or preacher, till he had attained the age of twenty-one. But exceptions were occasionally made; and, on the plea that Chalmers was "a lad of pregnant parts," an exception was made in his case. He was licensed by the Presbytery of St. Andrews, on the 31st of July, 1799, when he was nineteen years and four months old. He seems to have been in no hurry, however, to avail himself of his privilege, for he did not preach his first sermon till a month afterwards, and then, of all places of the world, in the English town of Wigan, which came conveniently for his purpose in the course of a visit he paid to his eldest brother then settled in Liverpool. Nay, for about two years he preached as little as could well be. The truth is, he was decidedly indifferent to the prospects of the clerical career, and was fascinated rather by the chance of obtaining in the course of a few years a mathematical or other professorship in one of the Scottish Universities. In his ambition for such a post he had naturally thought first of some teachership in St. Andrews as a likely stepping-stone to it; but, hearing of some such vacant teachership in Edinburgh, he determined to go there. He did not get what he wanted; but, with the idea of farther qualifying himself for the professorship he saw looming in the future, he spent two sessions in Edinburgh, attending, among other classes at the University, those of Playfair (mathematics), Robison (natural philosophy), Hope (chemistry), and Dugald Stewart (moral philosophy). Without dwelling on the intellectual results for Chalmers of these two sessions passed

among new men, and in a society different from that of St. Andrews, suffice it to say that he found less satisfaction in Stewart than he had expected to find, and, on the whole, thought he got more of his money's worth out of the other three. With Playfair he kept up or extended his mathematics—rising now, as I believe, into that transcendent admiration for Sir Isaac Newton which was thenceforward a permanent portion of his intellect, inasmuch that, to his latest days, whenever he would refer to what he considered Nature's supremest product in the way of human genius, Shakespeare wisely skeddaddled for the moment, knowing what was coming, and we had from him, for the fiftieth time, an ever-fresh rhapsody about "our own Sir Isaac." Without thinking very highly of the chemical professor, Hope, he found him a useful teacher ; and he plunged, while attending him, into such a passion for chemistry on his own account, that that science remained thenceforth a rival with mathematics for his affections. But Robison was his favourite. To the end of his life he used to quote with enthusiasm certain doctrines and philosophical distinctions which he had first learnt from Robison ; and, in counting up the academic teachers to whom he had been most indebted, he gave Robison the second place—Brown of St. Andrews retaining the first, and Hunter of the same University ranking as third.

And so we arrive at the year 1801-2. It was the time, on the great clock of the world's affairs, when Bonaparte was First Consul in France, and was securing the supremacy for his life, and when, in Britain, Pitt was to Addington what London is to Paddington, but Addington was temporary minister for all that. Well, going back in imagination to that year—a long flight back beyond the point when I had first anything personally to do with the world—and hovering, as shrewdly as I can, in the spirit of a historic hawk, over that part of our island, now better known to me than most others, where the Firth of

Forth divides so beautifully with its flashing waters the county of Fife from that of Edinburgh, what do I see that interests me so particularly ? I see, coming and going between the two counties, now for a time resident in one of them, and now for a time in the other, a large-headed young Scotchman who, as it were, belongs to both, though his brain and build tell most emphatically of Fifeshire. He is one-and-twenty years of age. He is a licentiate of the Scottish Kirk—one who, according as the chances of a presentation to a living by some patron may direct, may be called upon, at any moment, to settle as a minister in any one of Scotland's thousand parishes, from the Shetlands, far off amid the northern surges, to the Tweed and its pastoral uplands dotted with sheep ; or who, patronage at home failing altogether, may have to go into semi-exile in England, and serve as the minister of some little Scottish congregation keeping up their Presbyterian Zion in the midst of the Babylonians. Meanwhile, as far as I can see, ministerial work is little in his thoughts, and his hankering is after a mathematical or other Scottish professorship. Is he likely to obtain such a thing ? It is difficult to say. Those were the days, indeed, in which, for some deep cosmical or telluric reason yet unexplained by history, it was the young men that were everywhere in request for the work of the world in all its varieties—in which it did not seem preternatural that one should be Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer of Britain at the age of twenty-three, or conqueror of Italy and hero of France at the age of twenty-seven ; and in which, if you did not get through your life's work before you were forty-five, you were a remarkably slow coach, or mere luggage-van, among your contemporaries. Appointments of very young men to professorships in the Scottish Universities had for a good many years been common enough. But men's suffrages did not then, when youth was in so much favour with the world, any more than now, when it is so

much less in favour, fix intuitively on the right objects. What, then, of the chances of our Fifeshire Grostête, going and coming in the ferry between Fifeshire and Edinburgh, and looking alternately to the Universities on the two sides of the Firth for the vacancy for which he might offer himself? Was he of sufficient public mark to be thought of for such an appointment by the social big-wigs, even if one such should be going? We know what impression he had made on all who had come into intimate relations with him—how, more especially, among his college companions there had been for some years a fame of “*Mad Tam Chalmers*” as the most extraordinary young wild elephant of a fellow ever seen about St. Andrews. The probability, however, is, that any general vote of the Fifeshire and Edinburgh people concerning him would have expressed itself at best in some such half-jocose phrase as that of the old clergyman who had pleaded for his being licensed by the Presbytery though under the proper age—that he was “*a lad of pregnant parts*.” He might come to be something if all went well! The fools! All Scotland is waiting for that young fellow. The very material on which his mind is to act, the very clay which his hands are to work with and mould, is that aggregate society of Scotland, with its million-and-a-half of souls, over which his thoughts are wandering so dreamily. Personify that Scotland—imagine her in the totality of her thousand parishes, from those far Shetlands to this quiet Tweed-side, as one living being or form; and here—here in the ferry-boat between Edinburgh and Fifeshire—is the youth who ere long will have his hands twined and knotted in the hair of the huge creature’s instincts, and will be holding and throwing her with the strength of a Milo! Here is one who is to be for Scotland, ere she is done with him, another and one of the greatest in that series of her “*national men*,” the over-topping functionaries-in-chief of the successive periods of her history, whom she is so fond of reckoning up one by one in their chronological order

—men of a class for the appearance and recognition of which Scotland, by reason of her smaller bulk, and her easier submission on that account to one central influence, if not also by reason of the stronger Celtic touch in her temperament, has always (be it a virtue or a defect) been more apt than England. Though they did not know this then—I mean his fellow-passengers in the frequent ferry-boat on the Firth, and the idlers who watched him land and disembark on either pier—how plain it is to us after the fact! But what I maintain is something more than this. I maintain that, though Scotland had still to wait a good while before she became acquainted with Chalmers or took notice of him—though, as it happened, he was not one of those who were in their right places of power in very early youth, and it was ten or twelve years before the flashes which revealed him were seen over any considerable area—yet even then, in the year 1801–2, his “*potentiality*,” as Johnson would have said, was almost complete. All that Chalmers was ever to be structurally he already was, I believe, at the age of twenty-one, with but one important exception—an exception immensely important, as it turned out, but about which few would then have cared much, if there are very many that would care a jot now. Accordingly, as I am to leave him for a time at this point, let me conclude, for the present, with one or two additional remarks concerning him, which may have the effect of carving the rude bust I have been setting before the reader into a nearer likeness to the exact reality.

In spite of much effort of late among our critics, we have not yet succeeded in making the notion of mere degrees of ability arranged on an ascending scale supersede, for practical purposes, our old habit of distinguishing certain men from their fellows, and placing them in an order by themselves, under the name of “*men of genius*.” Now, if ever there was a man respecting whom there could have been no doubt that he was to be referred to this order, if it were to be retained at all—nay, if ever there was

a man an hour's observation of whom would have infallibly suggested to any one the necessity, on practical grounds, of not giving up too hastily such an established aid to our classification of human beings—it was Dr. Chalmers. From the very first we see him marked out from those around him—and not only from the general crowd of those around him, but even from the ablest of them, and those of more culture than himself—by the possession of that all-rousing something in the constitution which we call “genius.” A hundred definitions, I should suppose, have been given of “genius,” and I daresay it would be possible to add as many more—each having a certain explanatory value in relation to some instance of the power, or form of its manifestation, that may be more immediately thought of. For my own part, if I were to propose a definition which I think would be distinct enough to be of use, and yet general enough to permit all varieties, whether of the rushing or of the quiescent sort, to be deduced from it, I would ask whether we might not define genius as consisting in an unusual or abnormal degree of endowment in the two extreme conceptions, fundamental ideas, or essential forms of thought, of our race which metaphysicians call Space and Time. Whether, with one school of metaphysicians, we regard Space and Time as simply those highest attained generalizations of the human mind in which all other thoughts end and swoon, or, with another, we regard them as belonging to the very structure of the mind as a sentient faculty, and as being the forms under which, by the necessities of our nature, we must apprehend and imagine things, the effect is, for our present view, much the same. Equally, according to either theory, where we have the notions of Space and Time strongest, or most intensely active, we have Humanity at its uttermost—while, if we adopt the latter theory, we may actually say, in the terms of that theory, that Humanity consists in thinking in Space and Time, and that the individuals in whom these constituents

of the race are most developed, and habitually in the highest state of tension, are the *most* human. If space and time here permitted, I should not despair of bringing this notion out of the region of abstract statement and uncouth metaphysical jargon, and being able to bowl it, like a little ball of popularly-intelligible fact, through a whole thicket of exemplifications, making it gather radiance as it ran. With particular passages from great poets or other writers for my instances—say from Shakespeare or Goethe, to begin with—I should be able to show, I think, how much of what we recognise as the “genius” in these passages, and so perhaps to suggest how much of that distinctive power of these writers which we speak of generally as their “genius,” might be resolved into unusual endowment or excitability in the Space-and-Time feeling. Wonder, Ideality, the tendency at all times to the elemental and the general in one's contemplations of Nature and of Life—these and other habits or qualities of mind which we associate with genius and by which we sometimes vaguely define it, might all be identified with strength in the Space-and-Time feeling, or shown to be forms of it. But for the present I shall be satisfied if, without going the whole length of the notion that strength in the Space-and-Time feeling is genius, and that in all varieties of genius this is the common element, the reader should have a conception of unusual strength of equipment in this feeling as a possibility among men, and should see how it may be one kind or cause of genius. Such, at all events, it is. There *are* men who are distinguished from their fellows by the great extent to which they can think out in space or forward and backward in time, by the energy with which this vast organic beat of man's consciousness in the two kinds of Infinity transacts itself, and by the habitual delight which they have in rooting their conceptions of all things in a double sentiment of the astronomically and chronologically boundless. And these men are in all ways the

powerful of the earth. From those perpetual expansions of their imaginations out into the illimitable till the numberless suns and worlds of space are, as it were, wheeling in a containing transparency which they know to be the sphere of their own spirits, they are recontracted to our own little orb and their cares in it with a violence proportioned to the rebound. From those strivings of theirs to ascend the stream of time, beyond all geologic age, if perchance they may touch the hem of a still receding eternity, they return, ever baffled, but bringing with them all the condensed passion of their hopeless effort, to man's life and the passing moment. Now, Chalmers all through his life possessed this transcendent constitution of spirit more than most of his contemporaries, and whoever had observed him at the age of twenty-one would already have discerned it in him, and would have recognised in it his indubitable cousinship to all the great. Those large habits of imagination which astronomy and geology may be supposed chiefly to cultivate, he had from the first, and almost by nature. Especially in the feeling of Space was he more than ordinarily endowed. Say that every mind is represented by the extent of the physical or astronomical sphere to which it is in the habit of swelling out its contemplations, and I do not believe that there was in all Fifeshire and Edinburgh, in the year 1801-2, another mind which was the centre of a sphere of starry space so vast as that in which young Chalmers's dwelt, and which he carried with him as he moved. Watch him in the ferry-boat where we left him. He is in one of his reveries. What is going on within that heavy overmassive head, and those cloudy, opaque eyes? A dream of the astronomical universe. And how large the diameter! First, as his vision sweeps in longitude, it is

"from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole  
He views in breadth."

Again, as Nature had given to Chalmers a mind capable of great contemplations, so she had given him in a marked degree the *os magna soniturum*, the mouth formed for great utterances. Whether he knew it as yet or not, he was born to be an orator. It was not in his habitual fervour alone that this was apparent—in the blazing enthusiasm which he carried into everything; in the force and earnestness with which he felt his own meanings; in the deep fund of indignation from which every now and then there would be a surge that would bear him to the verge of phrenzy; or even in (what, I think, is the one infallible indication of a true orator) the reserve which he always had of rage beyond rage, and the power which he always had of becoming more and more able, more and more intellectually inventive, as he became more and more excited. In all the minor indications resulting from these and belonging to them the orator was proclaimed. The style which he had formed for himself, and which, as I have said, remained Chalmers's to the last, was a style for the ear rather than for the eye. There was the rhythm and cadence of the spoken style, the sense of impulse upon a living resistance, the structure of the sentence for face-to-face utterance before an assembly. And, as the thoughts were big, there was a certain bigness and unwieldiness in the expression. Though he had pithy and racy Saxon or Scottish words in abundance at command, there was a tendency, when he wrote, to the polysyllabic and the Latin, and especially to words ending in *ation*, or otherwise containing the sound *ah*. There was the roll and ringing emphasis of the voice in the act of delivery, the grip of each syllable as it came, the balanced to-and-fro movement of the body, the nervous rush to the face, and, at least, by way of gesture, the frequently uplifted arm. What was the strangest peculiarity of all, however—the incapacitating peculiarity, as it might have seemed—was the provincial rudeness of the pronunciation. The question that would have been asked



by any Englishman, on first hearing him, would have been, how this mouth, "formed for great utterances," would ever be able to manage them in that extraordinary Fifeshire dialect. He pronounced "Adam," "*Aidam*," "Parish," "*Pairish*," "Pope of Rome," "*Popp of Romm*," "issue of which," "*issy of whuch*." By no chance did he pronounce any three words in any one sentence correctly according to the English standard; and for all his own countrymen out of Fifeshire he was equally a vocal wonder. It was impossible to cure him. All the pebbles on the beach of St. Andrews would never have brought the mouth and tongue of this young Demosthenes into conformity with the rules of Attic elocution. As it happened, it did not matter much. To his fellow Scots, when they came to hear him, the Fifeshire dialect was as good as any other of the provincial dialects of which they had their choice, and racier than most; and, when his audiences came to be English as well, there was no thought of the dialect after the stunning astonishment of the first few sentences.

In the third place, I note in Chalmers, from the first, the possession, in a very large degree, of a quality which I do not think will ever be found wanting in any really first-rate men, though it may assume different forms according to the other qualities with which it is associated—a quality which, coining a monstrous word for my purpose, I will venture to call *propositionalness*. It is, in the main, identical with that passion for intellectual generalization which we often speak of as particularly visible in the French mind. It shows itself in a habit of gathering up one's meanings or conclusions on all sorts of subjects into definite propositions or verbal formulæ, which thenceforth are carried about with one, and serve as one's intellectual bank-notes. This craving after intellectual comprehensiveness and definiteness, this tendency of the thoughts always to coagulate into phrases and verbal formulæ which are then used as enunciations, was a notable characteristic of Chalmers from his youth upwards; and, as his at-

tachment to his generalizations was unusually strong, and, whenever he had elaborated one, he made it go as far as possible by incessant repetition, it so happened that, by the end of his life, his mind had almost become an apparatus of a certain number of ideas of which it would have been easy to take an inventory. He positively could not speak unless he had some distinct and massive proposition to expound which he had been ruminating and shaping. One result of this mental habit was that he was very liable to be taken aback if called upon on a sudden for an opinion on a new matter. On such occasions his mind seemed to be in that state which the Scotch call *through-i-ther*; he seemed to be ransacking the near part of his mind for a proposition that would answer at once the new demand, and, not finding any, to be in some confusion while the message was flying back that was to bring his reserved forces to the front. Give him an hour or two, however, or even twenty minutes, and he would have made his arrangements, and would have so organized his thoughts for the emergency that, at the end of that time, you found him quite ready, with a new proposition or two regularly on march. This quality of *propositionalness*, which was to me one of the most interesting studies in Chalmers in his later days, I am able to detect, among other things, in the earliest specimens of his writing that remain.

What was Chalmers's outfit or stock of propositions at the age of twenty-one? We will not answer that question at present, save by a word or two of general significance. In Theology he was a Moderate—with a high natural Theism of his own, which, with some help from Butler's "Analogy," had survived the shock of Mirabaud's reasonings; and with such an estimate of Christianity as, in the prevailing opinion of the Scottish Kirk, then honestly befitted her parish-ministers and licentiates. With the Evangelical, High-flying, or, in English phrase, Methodist minority among the Scottish clergy of the time he had no



sympathy ; and this was one of the differences between Thomas and his pious father in the Anstruther household. In politics he had, I think, come out of the Revolutionary fever, and was, in a way of his own—unless Burke was his model—patriotic and conservative. He had a large stock of notions derived from the mathematical, mechanical, and chemical sciences, and an extraordinary power of transferring them, or suggestions from them, into moral subjects. His opinion of the Scottish Philosophy of Reid, as it had been unfolded to him by the expositions of Dugald Stewart, was that it contained a needless multiplication of first principles ; and, on the whole, notwithstanding his ever-active ideality and

his enthusiastic temperament, he desired farther analysis, and had an inclination to the philosophy which resolves all into experience and a disinclination to the philosophy of necessary beliefs. Finally, he had just betaken himself, with his usual vehement ardour, to the study of Political Economy. Adam Smith, I suppose, he had read before he was twenty—the “Wealth of Nations” being the native property of Fifeshire. Malthus on Population he read, he told me, in the year 1800. The book had such an effect upon him that he clutched its main principle at once as an axiom for statesmen and philanthropists, and never all his life parted with it, or would allow disbelief in it or inattention to it to be anything short of idiocy.

# PALINGENESIS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the sea

In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,  
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;  
For round about me all the sunny capes  
Seemed peopled with the shapes  
Of those whom I had known in days departed,  
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams  
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore  
Stood lonely as before ;  
And the wild roses of the promontory  
Around me shuddered in the wind and shed  
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers  
Of all things their primordial form exists,  
And cunning alchemists  
Could re-create the rose with all its members  
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,  
Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me! what wonder-working, occult science  
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more  
The rose of youth restore?  
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance  
To time and change, and for a single hour  
Renew this phantom-flower?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendors,  
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,  
When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders  
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap  
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,  
Like some old prophet wailing; and it said,  
"Alas! thy youth is dead!  
It breathes no more; its heart has no pulsation;  
In the dark places with the dead of old  
It lies for ever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements  
I will not drag this sacred dust again,  
Only to give me pain;  
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,  
Go on my way, like one who looks before,  
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations  
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow  
Of sunsets burning low;  
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations  
Light up the spacious avenues between  
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,  
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,  
What bowers of rest divine;  
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,  
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,  
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question  
Those pages of the mystic book which hold  
The story still untold,  
But without rash conjecture or suggestion  
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,  
Until "The End" I read.

IN HER TEENS.<sup>1</sup>

IF "the boy is father of the man," the girl is likewise mother to the woman; and the woman—oh, solemn thought, laden with awful responsibility to each tiny maiden-child that coos and crows at us from her innocent cradle!—the woman is the mother of us all. Far deeper and higher than the advocates of woman's rights are aware of, lies the truth, that women are the heart of the world. From a gynocracy, or even a self-existent, self-protecting, and self-dependent rule, heaven save us, and all other Christian communities! but the fact remains, that on the women of a nation does its virtue, strength, nobility, and even its vitality, rest. Sparta recognised this in a rough barbaric way;—Judea, too, when through successive ages every daughter of Abraham was brought up to long for offspring, in the hope that of her might be born the Messiah, the promised Seed. All history, carefully examined, would, we believe, exemplify the same truth—that the rise and fall of nations is mainly dependent on the condition of their women—the mothers, sisters, daughters, wives—who, consciously or unconsciously, mould, and will mould for ever, the natures, habits, and lives of the men to whom they belong. Nay, even in modern times, in looking around upon divers foreign countries—but stay, we will not judge our neighbours, we will only judge ourselves.

If things be so, if the influence of women is so great, so inevitable, either for good or for evil, does it not behove us, who live in a generation where so many strange conflicts are waging on the surface of society, so many new elements stirring and seething underneath it—does it not behove us, I say, to look a little more closely after our "girls?"

It is rather difficult now-a-days to find

a "girl" at all. They are, every one of them, "young ladies;" made up of hoop and flounce, hat and feather, plaits of magnificent (bought) hair, and heaps of artificial flowers. There is a painful uniformity, too, in them and their doings—their walking, talking, singing, dancing, seem all after the same pattern, done to order according to the same infallible rule—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" An original natural "girl," who has grown up after her own fashion, and never heard of Mrs. Grundy, is a creature so rare, that when we find her, at any age from twelve to twenty, we are prone to fall right over head and ears in love with her, carry her off, and marry her immediately. And we hardly wonder that so many of these rapid, commonplace, well-dressed, well-mannered young ladies remain unmarried, or rush into the opposite extreme of frantic independence, and try to create an impossible Utopia, of which the chief characteristic seems to be that of the heaven of Crazy Jane in the ballad—

"With not a man to meet us there."

Which is most harmful, this foolish aping of men's manners, habits, and costumes, or the frivolous laziness, the worse than womanish inanity, which wastes a whole precious lifetime over the set of its hoops, the fashion of its bonnets, or the gossip of its morning callers, let wiser heads than the present writer's decide. Between the two opposite evils, most welcome is anything, or anybody, that indicates in the smallest degree what a girl really is and ought to be; thus giving us some hope for the women that are to come, the mothers of the next generation.

Thanks, therefore, to "Lucy Fletcher"—whether that name be real or assumed—for a little unpretentious book of verses, entitled "Thoughts from a Girl's Life." Let her speak for herself, in a Preface which, for straightforward

<sup>1</sup> Thoughts from a Girl's Life. By Lucy Fletcher. Macmillan and Co.

simplicity and dignified modesty, is itself almost a poem.

"These verses are the true expression of the thoughts and feelings of a girl's life, and as such they are given specially to other girls.

"I will not apologize too much for their want of poetical merit; nevertheless it is with a full consciousness of their immaturity that I send them forth. But though the deepening life of years to come may teach a fuller and a higher tone, yet I feel that the thoughts and utterances of to-day may be best fitted to reach and to help those who stand on the level from which these were written.

"I do not, of course, imply that every word in these verses is true as regards my own life; in poetry less than in any other form of expression, would that be possible; many of the incidents are idealized, and some of the feelings known more by sympathy than by personal experience.

"I send my little book with its own message to those who will care to hear it; I shall be most glad and thankful if it is able in any degree to sympathise with, to help, or to cheer those hearts to whom from my own I speak."

A girl's book—only a girl. Now, ordinarily a youthful poetess is a very unpleasant character. The less a girl writes the better—that is, publishes: almost all girls write, and nothing will stop them. Nor is there any actual harm in their mild verses and elaborate love-stories—the temporary outburst of fancy or feeling that will soon settle down into its proper channel, and find a safe outlet in the realities of domestic life. But there is harm in encouraging in the smallest degree that exaggerated sentimentality which wears out emotion in expression, converting all life into a perpetual *pose plastique*, or a romantic drama of which she, the individual, is the would-be heroine. And worse still is that *cacoethes scribendi*, that frantic craving for literary reputation, which lures a girl from her natural duties, her safe shut-up home life, to join the band

of writing women—of which the very highest, noblest, and most successful feel, that to them, as women, what has been gained is at best a poor equivalent for what has been lost.

In one sense the kindest wish that a reader can wish to "Lucy Fletcher," is that this her first book may also be her last; and yet it is a good book to have written, good and true, and valuable too—as truth always is.

"A girl's life." What a mysterious thing that is! None who have reached the stand-point whence they can fairly and dispassionately look back on theirs, but must feel awed at remembering all it was, and all it promised to be—its infinite hopes, its boundless aspirations, its dauntless energies, its seemingly unlimited capacity for both joy and pain. All these things may have calmed down now: the troubled chaos has long settled into a perfect—and yet how imperfect!—world: but the mature woman, of whatever age or fortunes, can hardly look without keenest sympathy and trembling pity on those who have yet to go through it all. For, let poets talk as they will of that charming time in which a girl is

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet—  
Womanhood and childhood sweet,"

the years between twelve and twenty are, to most, a season anything but pleasant; a crisis in which the whole heart and brain are full of tumult, when all life looks strange and bewildering—delirious with exquisite unrealities,—and agonized with griefs equally chimerical and unnatural. Therefore, every influence caught, and every impression given during these years, is a matter of most vital moment. Most girls' characters are stamped for life by the associations they form, and the circumstances by which they are surrounded, during their teens. They may change and grow—thank heaven all good men and women have never done growing!—but the primary mould is rarely recast; however worn or defaced, it retains the original image and superscription still.

Therefore, however long she may live to modify or expand them, Lucy Fletcher is never likely to think much different from these "Thoughts," which but echo those of hundreds of the "other girls" to whom her preface refers.

"THOUGHTS.

"My thoughts, in silence and alone,  
Fronted the mystery unknown,  
The meaning of our life;  
The curse upon its poverty,  
The wealth that brings satiety,  
Dull peace, and barren strife.

Base aims achieved, high aims that fail,  
Evil that doth o'er good prevail,  
Good lost that might have been;  
The narrow path we dare to tread,  
With all the infinite outspread,  
And all that could be, seen.

The unsolved problems that we touch  
At every word, not pondered much,  
Because they lie so near;  
The path unknown that we must tread,  
The awful mystery of the dead,  
That round life's wondrous sphere.

The light behind the veil unseen,  
Our only clue what once hath been,—  
Dark seems life's mystery;  
I cannot know, I dare not guess;  
The greater is not in the less,  
Nor God's high will in me.

O Thou, the Infinite, Allwise,  
Solve Thou for me these mysteries,  
Or teach me wiser thought;  
I cannot see, but Thou art light;  
I err, but Thou canst guide aright,—  
By Thee I would be taught.

Incomprehensible Thy love,  
All flights of our weak thought above;  
So too Thy life is high.  
Make Thou our life a part of Thine,  
Till in its unity divine,  
To Thee we live and die.

Content to go where Thou dost choose,  
To be what Thou dost need to use,  
To follow or be still,  
And learn the infinite content  
Of one whose yielded heart is bent,  
Unto Thy loving will."

This poem, which without striking original merit, is exceeding complete, gives a fair idea of the whole book. There we find a clear, broad, pellucid picture of a girl's life—a loving, simple, thoughtful English girl, with a keen eye for natural beauty, a strong sense of

religion, a sound brain, conscience, and heart. All are as yet undeveloped; and yet there is no immaturity; the life is complete so far as it goes, and so is the book likewise. It has none of the daring originalities and imperfectnesses from which one can predict actual genius; no precocity of passion, no remarkable creative power. All is fresh and pure and still as a dewy meadow in the grey dawn of a midsummer morning. Take for instance these two pictures.

"A BUNCH OF HEATHER.

"I gathered purple heather upon the hill-side  
bare,  
The while the bees unsettled buzzed round  
me in the air,  
The finest on the moorlands, all that both  
hands could hold;  
I bound it with the grasses which grow upon  
the wold.

That sunny day of summer, the talk and  
merry speech,  
The wonders we discovered, the seat beneath  
the beach,  
Even the wood-birds singing, the light and  
shade which fell,  
All, as I thought, forgotten, I now re-  
member well.

For, on this very morning, I found the  
bunch again,  
The flowers are browned and falling, scarce  
more than stems remain,  
I cut the grass that held them, and when  
unloosed I found,  
That all these bygone memories were with  
the heather bound."

"MAY TIME.

"It is a pleasant spot, the wind  
Is hushed to silence, while behind  
The screen of leaves which interlace,  
In cool, sweet silence round the place,  
Murmurs of far-off brook and bird,  
(Scarce noticed, and yet clearly heard,)  
Seem fitting voices to express  
My spirit's dreamy happiness.

The dusty road is far away;  
Forgotten is each weary day;  
The sweet leaves shade the distant view;  
Yet fairer seems the tender blue  
That glimmers downward, while to me  
Even the future's mystery,  
Hid by the present, seems more dear,  
And I can feel nor doubt, nor fear.

Sometimes God sends this deepest rest;  
Sometimes our spirits thus are blest  
With perfect passionate content,  
Wherein all love with trust is blent.

Sweet time, sweet thoughts, pass not away,  
Or, if the sun forget my day,  
May I remember how it shone,  
And know it shaded, but not gone."

Nothing very wonderful here; nothing "to haunt, to startle, and waylay;" and yet how sweet it is! How completely it gives the portrait of the "girl"—a country girl—no town life could have produced such; with her eyes beaming thoughtfully from under her broad hat, and her busy, browned hands full of flowers. Not in the least sentimental or self-conscious, and yet in herself a perfect living poem—the best poem a man can read—a tender-hearted, high-thoughted maiden. A little dreamy, perhaps, but with dreams so innocent, pure, and true, that they strengthen rather than weaken her for the realities that are coming. Much she may have to suffer—nay, inevitably will—but we feel that she will suffer nobly, patiently, religiously, even thus:—

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

"I come, dear Lord, like a tired child, to creep

Unto Thy feet, and there awhile to sleep,  
Weary, though not with a long busy day,  
But with the morning's sunshine and with play,  
And with some tears that fell, although the while  
They scarce were deep enough to drown a smile.

There is no need of words for mine to tell  
My heart to Thee; Thou needest not to spell,

As 'others must, my hidden thoughts and fears,  
From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears;

Thou knowest all, knowest far more than I,  
The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.

Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile

On sobbing children, seeing all the while  
How soon will pass away the endless grief,  
How soon will come the gladness and relief;  
But if Thou smilest, yet Thy sympathy  
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

And not the less Thy love doth understand,  
And not the less, with tender pitying hand,  
Thou wipest all my tears, and the sad face  
Doth cherish to a smile in Thine embrace,  
Until the pain is gone, and Thou dost say,  
'Go now, my child, and work for Me to-day.'

Hardly even dear old George Herbert could have taken a quainter, tenderer fancy, or worked it out with more delicate completeness. Indeed, one of the best qualities in our young rhymist—she would hardly wish to appropriate prematurely the high name of poet—is the care with which she finishes everything. The chief blots upon her pages are horrible cockney rhymes, such as "born" and "dawn," and—oh, shame!—"bore" and "saw," with a few grammatical and even etymological errors, such as "thrawl" for thrall, which a more watchful press-revision of a girl's first book would easily have avoided. But her rhythm is smooth and musical; her power of expression clear; her style terse and Saxon; she neither overloads with imagery nor cumbers with unnecessary adjectives. Nor is she imitative, as are almost all young writers—the mere reflection of others whom they have read. Whatever her readings may have been—and a young girl can hardly read too much, imbibing other people's wisdom instead of prematurely forcing out her own—Miss Fletcher has fused them all in the alembic of her clear sensible brain, so that her verses come out with no perceptible flavour of Tennyson, the Brownings, or any other favourite idol who has influenced strongly the youthful minds of the age.

Another characteristic—which, among a certain set, will raise the book at once, as a gift-book, to the level of Cowper, Mrs. Hemans, and Martin Farquhar Tupper—there is not one word of love—that is, the passion of love—in it from beginning to end. Not a single outburst of rapture or despair;—not a sonnet or a song which the most precise of Mrs. Ellises need hesitate at laying before the Daughters of England;—who will think about such things in spite of Mrs. Ellis. But even with this peculiarity—which we name simply as a peculiarity, neither a merit nor the reverse—this book is true to itself. It comes, as it purports to come, out of a girl's life, the atmosphere of which is still cool and sweet and calm as that grey midsummer morning. Only to—



wards its end do we catch a few arrowy rays struck upward by the unrisen sun—the sun of all human life—of which the Creator of all ordained, “Let there be light,” and there was light.

Of Lucy Fletcher's career in the world of letters, we venture no prophecy whatever. Nothing in her book forbids future greatness, and nothing absolutely indicates it. On the whole, her graceful completeness rather implies that appreciative talent which observes more than it creates, and which is just under, not over, the mysterious line which marks the boundary between talent and genius. But of this, time only can decide. Whether she ever writes another book or not, this book is one which it is good for her to have written, and (stranger still) good to have published. For it is a true book—a real book, aiming at nothing higher than it achieves. It can harm and offend none; it will please and benefit very many. There is nothing morbid in it—nothing forced or factitious. Fantastic melancholy, egotistic introversion, metaphysical or melo-dramatic plumbing of the black depths of human crime and woe, are altogether foreign to this Lucy Fletcher. Hers is a healthy, happy

nature, and her book is a healthy, happy book. As she says herself,—

“SINGING.

“I sing my heart out for the gladness in it,  
As less a poet than a happy bird,  
Singing, because I must sing, as the linnet,  
Unthinking by what ears my song is heard;  
While evermore the love which doth begin it,  
To fuller gladness by the song is stirred.  
The secret of the song, the love which ever,  
Within, without, enfoldeth me in rest,  
Love sings my song first, and my one endeavour  
Is but to learn the notes she chaunteth best;  
’Tis not my song I sing, ah! never, never,  
But love’s, who lulls me gently on her breast.  
So sing I, being moved thereto unwitting  
Aught but dear love, the sun of my heart’s spring,  
And seeking only to find words befitting  
The music vibrating on every string;  
No poet I among earth’s crown’d ones  
sitting,  
I love and I am loved, and therefore sing.”

And long may she go on singing, unless her own contented heart teaches her a better song than all—silence.

## A SON OF THE SOIL.

### PART VIII.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

It was for about six weeks altogether that the Mistress of Ramore remained Sir Thomas Frankland's guest. For half of that time Lauderdale, too, tall, and gaunt, and grim, strode daily over the threshold of Wodensbourne. He never broke bread, as he himself expressed it, nor made the slightest claim upon the hospitality of the stranger's house. On the contrary, he declined steadily every advance of friendship that was made to him with a curious Scotch pride, extremely natural to him, but odd to contemplate from the point of view at

which the Franklands stood. They asked him to dinner or to lunch as they would have asked any other stranger who happened to come in their way; but Lauderdale was far too self-conscious to accept such overtures. He had come uninvited, an undesired, perhaps unwelcome, visitor; but not for the world would the philosopher have taken advantage of his position, as Colin's friend, to procure himself the comfort of a meal. Not if he had been starving would he have shared Colin's dinner or accepted the meat offered him at the luxurious table below. “Na, na! I came without asking,” said Lauder-

dale; "when they bid me to their feasts it's no for your sake, callant, or for my sake, but for their own sakes—for good breeding, and good manners, and not to be uncivil. To force a dinner out of civility is every bit as shabby an action as to steal it. I'm no the man to sorn on Sir Thomas for short time or long." And, in pursuance of this whimsical idea of independence, Lauderdale went back every evening along the dark country lanes to the little room he had rented in the village, and subdued his reluctant Scotch appetite to the messes of bacon and beans he found there—which was as severe a test of friendship as could have been imposed upon him. He was not accustomed to fare very sumptuously at home; but the fare of an English cottager is, if more costly, at least as distasteful to an untraveller Scotch appetite as the native porridge and broth of a Scotch peasant could be to his neighbour over the Tweed. The greasy meal filled Lauderdale with disgust, but it did not change his resolution. He lived like a Spartan on the bread which he could eat, and came back daily to his faithful tendance of the young companion who now represented to him almost all that he loved in the world. Colin grew better during these weeks. The air of home which his mother brought with her, the familiar discussions and philosophies with which Lauderdale filled the weary time, gave him a connecting link once more with the old life. And the new life again rose before Colin, fresh, and solemn, and glorious. Painfully and sharply he had been delivered from his delusions—those innocent delusions which were virtues. He began to see that, if indeed there ever was a woman in the world for whom it was worth a man's while to sacrifice his existence and individuality, Miss Matty, of all women, was not she. And after this divergence out of his true path, after this cloud that had come over him, and which looked as though it might swallow him up, it is not to be described how beautiful his own young life looked to Colin, when it seemed to himself that he was

coming back to it, and was about to enter once more upon his natural career.

"I wonder how Macdonald will get on at Baliol," he said; "of course he'll get the scholarship. It's no use regretting what cannot be helped; but when a man takes the wrong turning once in his life, do you think he can get into the right road again?" said Colin. He had scarcely spoken the words when a smile gradually stealing over his face, faint and soft like the rising of the moon, intimated to his companions that he had already answered himself. Not only so, but that the elasticity of his youth had delivered Colin from all heavier apprehensions. He was not afraid of the wrong turning he had taken. He was but playing with the question in a kind of tender wantonness. Neither his health nor his lost opportunity gave him much trouble. The tide of life had risen in his heart, and again everything seemed possible; and, such being the case, he trifled pleasantly with the dead doubts which existed no longer. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," Colin said to himself, smiling over it; and the two people who were looking at him, whose hearts and whose eyes were studying every change in his face, saw that a new era had begun, and did not know whether to exchange looks of gratulation or to betake themselves to the silence and darkness to shed tears of despair over the false hope.

"When a callant goes a step astray, you mean," said Lauderdale, with a harshness in his voice which sounded contemptuous to Colin—"goes out of his way a step to gather a flower or the like,—a man that takes a wrong turn is altogether a false cennage. Everything in this world is awfu' mysterious," said the philosopher. "I'm no clear in my mind about that wrong turning. According to some theories there's no such thing in existence. 'All things work together for good.' I would like to know what was in Paul's head when he wrote down that. No to enter into the question of inspiration, the opinion of a man like him is aye worth having;

but it's an awfu' mysterious saying to me."

"Eh, but it's true," said the Mistress; "you're no to throw ony of your doubts upon Providence. I'll no say but what it's a hard struggle whiles; but, if God doesna ken best, if He's not the wisest and the kindest, I would rather, for my part, come to an end without ony more ado about it. I'm no wanting to live either in earth or heaven if there's ony doubts about Him."

"That's aye the way with women," said Lauderdale, reflectively. "They've nae patience for a philosophical question. But the practical argument is no doubt awfu' powerful, and I can say nothing against it. I'm greatly of the same way o' thinking myself. Life's no worth having on less terms, but at the same time—"

"I was speaking only of the Baliol Scholarship," said Colin, with a momentary pettishness; "you are more abstruse than ever, Lauderdale. If there should happen to be another vacancy next year, do you think I've injured myself by neglecting this one? I never felt more disposed for work," said the young man, raising himself out of his chair. It said a great deal for his returning strength that the two anxious spectators allowed him to get up and walk to the window without offering any assistance. The evening was just falling, and Colin looked out upon a grey landscape of leafless trees and misty flats, over which the shadows gathered. He came back again with a little exclamation of impatience. "I hate these dull levels," said the restless invalid; "the earth and the skies are silent here, and have nothing to say. Mother, why do we not go home?" He stood before her for a moment in the twilight, looking, in his diminished bulk and apparently increased height, like a shadow of what he was. Then he threw himself back in his chair with an impatience partly assumed to conceal the weakness of which he was painfully sensible. "Let us go to-morrow," said Colin, closing his eyes. He was in the state of weakness which feels every contradic-

tion an injury, and already had been more ruffled in spirit than he cared to acknowledge, by the diversion of the talk from his own individual concerns to a general question so large and so serious. He lay back in his chair, with his eyes closed, and those clouds of brown hair of which his mother was so proud hanging heavily over the forehead which, when it was visible, looked so pale and worn out of its glory of youth. The colour of day had all gone out of the whispering, solemn twilight; and, when the Mistress looked at the face before her, pale, with all its outlines rigid in the grey light, and its eyes closed, it was not wonderful that a shiver went through her heart.

"That was just what I had to speak about, Colin, my man," said Mrs. Campbell, nerving herself for the task before her. "I see no reason myself against it, for I've aye had a great confidence in native air; but your grand doctor that was brought down from London—"

"Do not say anything more. I shall not stay here, mother; it is impossible. I am throwing away my life," cried Colin, hastily, not waiting to hear her out. "Anybody can teach this boy. As for the Franklands, I have done enough for them. They have no right to detain me. We will go to-morrow," the young man repeated with the petulance of his weakness; to which Mrs. Campbell did not know how to reply.

"But, Colin, my man," said the Mistress, after a pause of perplexity, "it's no *that* I'm meaning. Spring's aye sweet, and its sweet aboon a' in your ain place, when ye ken every corner to look for a primrose in. I said that to the doctor, Colin, but he wasna of my opinion. A' that was in his mind was the east wind (no that there's much o' that in our countryside, but those English canna tell one airt from another) and the soft weather, and I couldna say but what it was whiles damp," said the candid woman; "and the short and the long is, that he said you were to gang south and no north. I'm no meaning *him*. If it wasna for your health's sake, which keeps folk anxious, it would sound

ower grand to be possible," she continued, with a wistful smile, "and awful proud I would be to think of my laddie in Italy—"

"In Italy!" said Colin, with a cry of excitement and surprise; and then they both stopped short, and he looked in his mother's eyes, which would not meet his, and which he could see, hard as she struggled to keep them unseen, were wet and shining with tears. "People are sent to Italy to die," said the young man. "I suppose that is what the doctor thinks, and that is your opinion, my poor mother? and Lauderdale thinks so? Don't say No. No, I can see it in your eyes."

"Oh, Colin, dinna say that! dinna break my heart!" cried the Mistress. "I'm telling you every word the doctor said. He said it would be better for you in the future—for your strength, and for getting free of danger in the many hard winters—dour Scotch winters, frost, and snow, and stormy weather, and you your duty to mind night and day." She made a little pause to get her breath, and smiled upon Colin, and went on hastily, lest she should break down before all was said. "In the mony hard winters that you have to look forward to—the lang life that's to come—"

"Lauderdale," said Colin, out of the darkness, "do you hear her saying what she thinks is deception and falsehood. My mother is obliged to tell me the doctor's lie; but it stumbles on her lips. That is not how she would speak of herself. She would say—"

"Callant, hold your peace," said Lauderdale. His voice was so harsh and strange, that it jarred in the air, and he rose up with a sudden movement, rising like a tower into the twilight, through which the pleasant reflections from the fire sparkled and played as lightly as if the talk had been all of pleasure. "Be silent, sir," cried Colin's friend. "How dare you say to me that any word but truth can come out of the Mistress's lips? How dare ye—" But here Lauderdale himself came to a sudden pause. He went to the window,

as Colin had done, and then came quickly back again. "Because we're a wee concerned and anxious about him, he thinks he may say what he likes," said the philosopher, with a strange, short laugh. "It's the way with such callants. They're kings, and give the laws to us that ken better. You may say what you like, Colin, but you must not name anything that's no true with your mother's name."

It is strange to feel that you are going to die. It is stranger still to see your friends profoundly conscious of the awful news they have to convey, painfully making light of it, and trying to look as if they meant nothing. Colin perceived the signification of his mother's pathetic smiles, of his friend's impatience, of the vigilant watch they kept upon him. He saw that, if perhaps her love kept a desperate spark of hope alight in the Mistress's heart, it *was* desperate, and she put no confidence in it. All this he perceived, with the rapid and sudden perception which comes at such a crisis. Perhaps for a moment the blood went back upon his heart with a suffocating sense of danger, against which he could make no stand, and of an inevitable approaching fate which he could not avoid or flee from. The next minute he laughed aloud. The sound of his laughter was strange and terrible to his companions. The Mistress took her boy's hand and caressed it, and spoke to him in the soothing words of his childhood. "Colin, my man—Colin, my bonnie man," said the mother whose heart was breaking. She thought his laugh sounded like defiance of God, defiance of the approaching doom; and such a fear was worse even than the dread of losing him. She kept his reluctant fingers in hers, holding him fast to the faith and the resignation of his home. As for Lauderdale, he went away out of sight, struggling with a hard sob which all his strength could not restrain; and it was in the silence of this moment that Colin's laugh, more faintly, more softly, with a playful sound that went to his heart, echoed again into the room.

"Don't hold me, mother," he said;

"I could not run away from you if I would. You think I don't take my discovery as I ought to do? If it is true," said Colin, grasping his mother's hand, "you will have time enough to be miserable about me after; let us be happy as long as we can. But I don't think it is true. I have died and come alive again. I am not going to die any more just now," said Colin, with a smile which was more than his mother could bear; and his eyes so fixed upon her, that her efforts to swallow the climbing sorrow in her throat were such as consumed her strength. But even then it was of him and not herself that she thought. "I wasna meaning, I wasna saying," she tried to articulate in her broken voice; and then at intervals, "A' can be borne—a' can be borne—that doesna go against the will of God. Oh Colin, my ain laddie! we maun a' die; but we must not rebel against Him," cried the Mistress. A little more, and even she, though long-enduring as love could make her, must have reached the limits of her strength; but Colin, strangely enough, was no way disposed for solemnity, nor for seriousness. He was at the height of the rebound, and disposed to carry his nurses with him to that smiling mountain-top from which death and sorrow had dispersed like so many mists and clouds: "Come to the window, and look out," said Colin; "take my arm, mother; it feels natural to have you on my arm. Look here—there are neither hills nor waters, but there are always stars about. I don't mean to be discouraged," said the young man. He had to lean against the window to support himself; but, all the same, he supported her, keeping fast hold of the hand on his arm. "I don't mean to be discouraged," said Colin; "not to let you be discouraged. I have been in the valley of the shadow of death, but I have come out again. It does not matter to me what the doctor says, or what Lauderdale says, or any other of my natural enemies. You and I, mother, know better," he said; "I am not going to die." The two stood at the window, looking up to the faint stars,

two faces cast in the same mould—one distraught with a struggling of hope against knowledge, against experience; the other radiant with a smile of youth. "I am not quite able to walk over the Alps, at present," said Colin, leading the Mistress back to her chair; "but, for all that, let us go to Italy since the doctor says so. And, Lauderdale, come out of the dark, and light the candles, and don't talk any more nonsense. We are going to have a consultation about the ways and means. I don't know how it is to be done," said Colin, gaily, "since we have not a penny, nor has anybody belonging to us; but still, since you say so, mother, and the doctor, and Lauderdale—"

The Mistress, all trembling and agitated, rose at this moment to help Lauderdale, who had come forward without saying anything, to do the patient's bidding, "You'll no be angry?" said Mrs. Campbell, under her breath; "it's a' his spirits; he means nothing but love and kindness." Lauderdale met her eye with a countenance almost as much disturbed as her own.

"Me angry?" said Colin's friend; "he might have my head for a football, if that would please him." The words were said in an undertone which sounded like a suppressed growl; and as such Colin took the little clandestine exchange of confidence.

"Is he grumbling, mother?" said the object of their cares. "Never mind; he likes to grumble. Now come to the fire, both of you, and talk. They are oracles, these great doctors; they tell you what you are to do without telling you how to do it. Must I go to Italy in a balloon!" said Colin. "After all, if it were possible, it would be worth being ill for," said the young man, with a sudden illumination in his eyes. He took the management of affairs into his own hands for the evening, and pointed out to them where they were to sit with the despotism of an invalid. "Now we look comfortable," said Colin, "and are prepared to listen to suggestions. Lauderdale, your mind is speculative; do you begin."



It was thus that Colin defeated the gathering dread and anguish which, even in the face of his apparent recovery, closed more and more darkly round him; and, as what he did and said did not arise from any set purpose or conscious intention, but was the mere expression of instinctive feeling, it had a certain inevitable effect upon his auditors, who brightened up, in spite of themselves and their convictions, under his influence. When Colin laughed, instead of feeling inclined to sob or groan over him, even Lauderdale, after a while, cleared up too into a wistful smile, and, as for the Mistress, her boy's confidence came to her like a special revelation. She saw it was not assumed, and her heart rose. "When a young creature's appointed to be taken, the Lord gives him warning," she said in secret; "but my Colin has nae message in himself," and her tender soul was charmed by the visionary consolation. It was under the influence of the same exhilaration that Lauderdale spoke.

"I've given up my situation," he said. "No but what it was a very honourable situation, and no badly remunerated, but a man tires of anything that's aye the same day by day. I've been working hard a' my life; and it's in the nature of man to be craving. I'm going to Eetaly for my own hand," said Lauderdale; "no on your account, callant. I've had enough of the prose, and now's the time for a bit poetry. No that I undertake to write verses, like you. If he has not me to take care of him, he'll flee into print," said the philosopher, reflectively. "It would be a terrible shock to me to see our first prizeman, the most distinguished student, as the Principal himself said, coming out in a book with lines to Eetaly, and verses about vineyards and oranges. That kind of thing is a' very well for the callants at Oxford and Cambridge, but there's something more expected from one of us," said Lauderdale. "I'm going to Eetaly, as I tell you, callant, as long as there's a glimmer of something like youth left in me, to get a bit poetry into my life.

You and me will take our knapsacks on our backs and go off together. I have a trifle in the bank—a hundred pounds, or maybe mair: I couldn't say as to a shilling or twa. If I'm speculative, as you say, I'm no without a turn for the practical;" he continued with some pride; "and everything's awfu' cheap when you know how to manage. This curate callant—he has no a great deal of sense, nor ony philosophical judgment, that I can see; and, as for theology, he doesna understand what it means; but he does not seem to me to be deficient in other organs," said the impartial observer, "such as the heart, for example; and he's been about the world, and understands about inns and things. Every living creature has its use in this life. I wouldna say he was good for very much in the way of direct teaching from the pulpit, but he's been awfu' instructive to me."

"And you mean me to save my life at your cost?" said Colin. "This is what I have come to—at your cost or at my father's, or by somebody's charity? No; I'll go home and sit in an easy-chair, like poor Hugh Carlyle; and, mother, you'll take care—"

When the sick man's fitful spirits thus yielded again his mother was near to soothe him with a better courage. Again she held his hands, and said, "Colin, my man—Colin, my bonnie man," with the voice of his childhood. "You'll come back hale and strong to pay a'boddy back the trouble," said the Mistress, while Lauderdale proceeded unmoved, without seeming to hear what Colin said.

"They're a mystery to me, those English priests," said the meditative Scotchman. "They're not to call ignorant, in the general sense, but they're awfu' simple in their ways. To think of a man in possession of his faculties reading a verse or maybe a chapter out of the Bible, which is very near as mysterious as life itself to the like of me, and then discoursing about the Church and the lessons appointed for this day or that. It's a grand tether, that Prayer-book, though. Yon kind of callant, so long



as he keeps by that, he's safe in a kind of a way, but he knows nothing about what's doing outside his printed walls, and, when he hears suddenly a' the stir that's in the world, he loses his head altogether, and takes to 'Essays and Reviews,' and that description of literature. But he's awful instructive, as I was saying, in the article of inns and steam-boats. Not to say that he's a grand Italian scholar, as far as I can understand, and reads Dante in the original. It's a wonderful thought to realize the like of that innocent reading Dante. You and me, Colin," said Lauderdale, with a sudden glow in his eyes, "will take the poets by the hand for once in our lives. What you were saying about cost was a wonderful sensible saying for yours. When the siller's done we'll work our way home; it's a pity you have no voice to speak of, and I canna play the—guitar is't they call it?" said the philosopher, with a quaint grimace. He was contemptuous of the lighter arts, as was natural to his race and habits, and once more Colin's laugh sounded gaily through the room which, for many weeks, had known little laughter. They discussed the whole matter, half playfully, half seriously, as they sat over the fire, growing eager about it as they went on. Lauderdale's hundred pounds "or more" was the careful hoarding of years. He had saved it as poor Scotchmen are reported to save, by minute economies, unsuspected by richer men. But he was ready to spend his little fortune with the composure of a millionaire. "And myself after it, if that would make it more effectual," he said to himself, as he went back in the darkness to his little lodging in the village. Let it not be supposed, however, that any idea of self-sacrifice was in the mind of Lauderdale. On the contrary, he contemplated this one possible magnificence of his life with a glow of sweet satisfaction and delight. He was willing to expend it all upon Colin, if not to save him, at least to please him. That was his pleasure, the highest gratification of which he was capable in the circum-

stances. He made his plans with the liberality of a prince, without thinking twice about the matter, though it was all the wealth he had in the world which he was about to lavish freely for Colin's sake.

"I don't mean to take Lauderdale's money, but we'll arrange it somehow," said Colin; "and then for the hard winters you speak of, mother, and the labour night and day." He sent her away with a smile; but, when he had closed the door of his own apartment, which now at length he was well enough to have to himself without the attendance of any nurse, the light went out of the young man's face. After they were both gone, he sat down and began to think; things did not look so serene, so certain, so infallible when he was alone. He began to think, What if after all the doctor might be right? What if it were death and not life that was written against his name? The thought brought a little thrill to Colin's heart, and then he set himself to contemplate the possibility. His faith was shadowy in details, like that of most people; his ideas about heaven had shifted and grown confused from the first vague vision of beatitude, the crowns, and palms, and celestial harps of childhood. What was that other existence into which, in the fulness of his youth, he might be transported ere he was aware? *Then* at least must be the solution of all the difficulties that crazed the minds of men; *then* at least, nearer to God, there must be increase of faculty, elevation of soul. Colin looked it in the face, and the Unknown did not appal him; but through the silence he seemed already to hear the cry of anguish which would go up from one homely house under the unanswering skies. It had been his home all his life: what would it be to him in the event of that change, which was death, but not destruction? Must he look down from afar off, from some cold, cruel distance, upon the sorrow of his friends, himself being happy beyond reach, bearing no share in the burden? Or might he, according to a still harder imagination, be with

them, beside them, but unable by word or look, by breath or touch, to lift aside even for a moment the awful veil, transparent to him, but to them heavy and dark as night, which drops between the living and the dead? It was when his thoughts came to this point that Colin withdrew, faint and sick at heart, from the hopeless inquiry. He went to his rest, saying his prayers as he said them at his mother's knee, for Jesus' sake. Heaven and Earth swam in confused visions round the brain which was dizzy with the encounter of things too mysterious, too dark to be fathomed. The only thing in Earth or Heaven of which there seemed to be any certainty was the sole Existence which united both, in whose name Colin said his prayers.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS MATTY FRANKLAND all this time had not been without her trials. They were trials as unlike Colin's as possible, but not without some weight and poignancy of their own, such as might naturally belong to the secondary heart-aches of a woman who was far from being destitute either of sense and feeling, and yet was at the same time a little woman of the world. In the first place, she was greatly aggravated that Harry, who on the whole seemed to be her fate, an inevitable necessity, should allow himself to be picked out of a canal at the hazard of another man's life. Harry was, on the whole, a very good fellow, and was not apt to fall into an inferior place among his equals, or show himself less manful, courageous, or fortunate than other people. But it wounded Matty's pride intensely to think that she might have to marry a man whose life had been twice saved, all the more as it was not a fault with which he could be reasonably upbraided. And, then being a woman, it was impossible for her to refrain from a little natural involuntary hero-worship of the other; who was not only the hero of these adventures, but her own chivalrous adorer to boot—perhaps the only man in the world who had suffered his

life to be seriously affected by her influence. Not only so; but at bottom Miss Matty was fond of Colin, and looked upon him with an affectionate, caressing regard, which was not love, but might very easily bear the aspect of love by moments, especially when its object was in a position of special interest. Between these two sentiments the young lady was kept in a state of harass and worry, disadvantageous both to her looks and her temper—a consciousness of which re-acted in its turn upon her feelings. She put it all down to Harry's score when, looking in her glass, she found herself paler than usual. "I wonder how he could be such an ass," she said to herself at such periods, with a form of expression unsuitable for a boudoir; and then her heart would melt towards his rival. There were some moments when she felt, or imagined she felt, the thralldom of society, and uttered to herself sighs and sneers, half false and half true, about the "gilded chains," &c. which bound her to make her appearance at Sir Thomas's dinner-party, and to take an active part in the ball. All this conflict of sentiment was conscious, which made matters worse: for all the time Matty was never quite clear of the idea that she was a humbug, and even in her truest impulse of feeling kept perpetually finding herself out. If Colin had been able to appear down-stairs, her position would have been more and more embarrassing: as it was, she saw, as clearly as any one, that the intercourse which she had hitherto kept up with the tutor must absolutely come to an end now, when he had a claim so much stronger and more urgent upon the gratitude of the family. And, the more closely she perceived this, the more did Matty grudge the necessity of throwing aside the most graceful of all her playthings. Things might have gone on in the old way for long enough but for this most unnecessary and perplexing accident, which was entirely Harry's fault. Now she dared not any longer play with Colin's devotion, and yet was very reluctant to give up the young worshipper, who amused and in-

terested and affected her more than any other in her train. With this in her mind, Miss Matty, as may be supposed, was a little fitful in her spirits, and felt herself, on the whole, an injured woman. The ordinary homage of the drawing-room felt stale and unprofitable after Colin's poetic worship; and the wooing of Harry, who felt he had a right to her, and conducted himself accordingly, made the contrast all the more distinct. And in her heart, deep down beyond all impulses of vanity, there lay a woman's pity for the sufferer, a woman's grateful but remorseful admiration for the man who had given in exchange for all her false coin a most unquestionable heart. Matty did not suspect the change that had come over Colin's sentiments; perhaps she could not by any effort of her understanding have realized the silent revolution which these few weeks had worked in his mind. She would have been humbled, wounded, perhaps angry, had she known of his disenchantment. But, in her ignorance, a certain yearning was in the young lady's mind. She was not reconciled to give him up; she wanted to see him again—even, so mingled were her sentiments, to try her power upon him again, though it could only be to give him pain. Altogether, the business was complicated to an incredible extent in the mind of Matty, and she had not an idea of the simple manner in which Colin had cut the knot and escaped out of all its entanglements. When the accident was discussed down-stairs the remarks of the general company were insufferable to the girl who knew more about Colin than any one else did; and the sharpness of her criticism upon their jocular remarks confounded even Lady Frankland, whose powers of observation were not rapid. "My dear, you seem to be losing your temper," said the astonished aunt; and the idea gave Lady Frankland a little trouble. "A woman who loses her temper will never do for Harry," she said in confidence to Sir Thomas. "And, poor fellow, he is very ready to take offence since this unfortunate accident. I am sure I am quite ready to acknow-

ledge how much we owe to Mr. Campbell; but it is very odd that nothing has ever happened to Harry except in his company," said the aggrieved mother. Sir Thomas, for his part, was more reasonable.

"A very lucky thing for Harry," said the baronet. "Nobody else would have gone into that canal after him. I can't conceive how Harry could be such a confounded ass," Sir Thomas added, with a mortified air. "But as for Campbell, poor fellow, anything that I can do for him—. By Jove, Mary, if he were to die I should never forgive myself." On the whole, it will be seen that the agitations occasioned by Colin were not confined to his own chamber. As for Harry, he kept silence on the subject, but did not the less feel the inferior position in which his misfortune had left him. He was grateful so far, that, if he could have persuaded Colin to accept any recompense, or done him any overwhelming favour, he would have gladly given that evidence of thankfulness. But, after the first shock of horror with which he heard of the tutor's danger, it is certain that the mortification of feeling that his life had been saved at the risk of another man's life produced in young Frankland anything but a friendly sentiment. To accept so vast an obligation requires an amount of generosity of which Harry was not capable. The two young men were, indeed, placed in this singular relationship to each other, without the existence of a spark of sympathy between them. Not only was the mind of the saved in a sore and resentful, rather than a grateful and affectionate, state; but even the other, from whom more magnanimity might have been expected, had absolutely no pleasure in thinking that he had saved the life of a fellow-creature. That sweet satisfaction and approval of conscience which is said to attend acts of benevolence did not make itself felt in the bosom of Colin. He was rather irritated than pleased by the consciousness of having preserved Harry Frankland from a watery grave, as the apothecary said. The entire

household was possessed by sensations utterly unlike those which it ought to have felt when, on the day succeeding his consultation with Lauderdale, Colin for the first time came down stairs. There were still some people in the house giving full occupation to Lady Frankland's hours of hospitality, and Matty's of entertainment; but both the ladies heard in a minute or two after his appearance that Mr. Campbell had been seen going into the library. "Perhaps it would be best if you were to go and speak to him, Matty," said Lady Frankland. "There is no occasion for being too enthusiastic; but you may say that I am very much occupied, or I would have come myself to welcome him. Say anything that is proper, my dear, and I will try and induce Harry to go and shake hands, and make his acknowledgments. Men have such a horror of making a fuss," said the perplexed mother. As for Matty, she went upon her errand with eagerness and a little agitation. Colin was in the library, seated at the table beside Sir Thomas, when she went in. The light was shining full upon him, and it did not subdue the beatings of Matty's contradictory little heart to see how changed he was, and out of caves how deep the eyes looked which had taken new meanings unintelligible to her. She had been, in her secret heart, a little proud of understanding Colin's eyes; and it was humiliating to see the new significations which had been acquired during his sickness, and to which she had no clue. Sir Thomas was speaking when she came in; so Matty said nothing, but came and stood by him for a moment, and gave her hand to Colin. When their eyes met, they were both moved, though they were not in love with each other; and then Matty drew a chair to the other side of the table, and looked remorsefully, pitifully, tenderly, on the man whom she supposed her lover. She was surprised that he did not seek her eye, or show himself alive to all her movements, as he used to do; and at that moment, for the first time, it occurred to Matty to wonder whether the abso-

lute possession of Colin's heart might not be worth a sacrifice. She was tired of Harry, and, to tell the truth, of most other people just then. And the sight of this youth—who was younger than she was, who was so much more ignorant and less experienced than she, and who had not an idea in his head about settlements and establishments, but entertained visions of an impossible life, with incomprehensible aims and meanings in it,—had a wonderfully sudden effect upon her. For that instant Matty was violently tempted,—that is to say, she took it into her consideration as actually a question worth thinking of, whether it might not be practicable to accept Colin's devotion, and push him on in the world, and make something of him. She entertained the idea all the more, strangely enough, because she saw none of the old pleadings in Colin's eyes.

"I hope you will never doubt our gratitude, Campbell," said Sir Thomas. "I understand that the doctor has said you must not remain in this climate. Of course you must spend the spring in Nice, or somewhere. It's charming scenery thereabouts. You'll get better directly you get into the air. And in summer, you know, there's no place so good as England—you must come back here. As for expenses, you shall have a travelling allowance over your salary. Don't say anything; money can never repay—"

"As long as I was Charley's tutor," said Colin, "money was natural. Pardon me—I can't help the change of circumstances,—there is no money bond between us now—only kindness," said the young man, with an effort. "You have all been very good to me since I fell ill. I come to thank you, and to say I must give up—"

"Yes, yes," said Sir Thomas; "but you can't imagine that I will let you suffer for your exertions on my son's behalf, and for the regard you have shown to my family?"

"I wish you would understand," said Colin, with vexation. "I have explained to Lady Frankland more than once. It may seem rude to say so, but

there was no regard for your family involved in that act, at least. I was the only one of the party who saw that your son had gone down. I had no wish to go down after him—I can't say I had any impulse, even; but I had seen him, and I should have felt like his murderer if I had not attempted to save him. I am aware it is an ungracious thing to say, but I cannot accept praise which I don't deserve," said Colin, his weakness bringing a hot sudden colour over his face; and then he stopped short, and looked at Sir Thomas, who was perplexed by this interruption, and did not quite know how to shape his reply.

"Well, well," said the baronet; "I don't exactly understand you, and I daresay you don't understand yourself. Most people that are capable of doing a brave action give queer explanations of it. That's what you mean, I suppose. No fellow that's worth anything pretends to fine motives, and so forth. You did it because you could not help it. But that does not interfere with my gratitude. When you are ready to go, you will find a credit opened for you at my bankers, and we must see about letters of introduction and all that; and I advise you, if you're going to Italy, to begin the language at once if you don't know it. Miss Matty used to chatter enough for six when we were there. I daresay she'd like nothing better than to teach you," said Sir Thomas. He was so much relieved by the possibility of turning over his difficult visitor upon Matty, that he forgot the disadvantages of such a proposal. He got up, delighted to escape and to avoid any further remonstrance, and held out his hand to Colin. "Delighted to see you downstairs again," said the baronet; "and I hope you'll bring your friend to dinner with you to-night. Good-bye just now; I have, unfortunately, an engagement—"

"Good-bye," said Colin. "I will write to you all about it." And so the good-hearted Squire went away, thinking everything was settled. After that it was very strange for the two who had been so much together to find them-

selves again in the same room, and alone. As for Colin, he did not well know what to say. Almost the last time he had been by Matty's side without any witnesses was the time when he concluded that it was only his life which he was throwing away for her sake. Since that time, what a wonderful change had passed over him! The idea that he had thought her smile, the glance of her eyes, worth such a costly sacrifice, annoyed Colin. But still her presence sent a little thrill through him when they were left alone together. And, as for Miss Matty, there was some anxiety in her eyes as she looked at him. What did he mean? was he taking a desperate resolution to declare his sentiments? or what other reason could there be for his unusual silence? for it never occurred to her to attribute it to its true cause.

"My uncle thinks you have consented to his plan," said Matty; "but I suppose I know what your face means better than he does. Why are you so hard upon us, I wonder? I know well enough that Harry and you never took to each other; but you used to like the rest of us—or, at least, I thought so," said the little siren. She gave one of her pretty glances at him under her eyelashes, and Colin looked at her across the table candidly, without any disguise. Alas! he had seen her throw that same glance at various other persons, while he stood in the corner of the drawing-room observing everything; and the familiar artillery this time had no effect.

"I have the greatest respect for everybody at Wodensbourne," said Colin; "you did me only justice in thinking so. You have all been very good to me."

"I did not say anything about respect," said Miss Matty, with pouting lips. "We used to be friends, or, at least, I thought so. I never imagined we were to break off into respect so suddenly. I am sure I wish Harry had been a hundred miles away when he came to disturb us all," said the disarmed enchantress. She saw affairs were in the most critical state, and her



words were so far true that she could have expressed her feelings best at the moment by an honest fit of crying. As this was impracticable, Miss Matty tried less urgent measures. "We have caused you nothing but suffering and vexation," said the young lady, dropping her voice and fixing her eyes upon the pattern of the table-cover, which she began to trace with her finger. "I do not wonder that we have become disagreeable to you. But you should not condemn the innocent with the guilty," said Miss Matty, looking suddenly up into his eyes. A touch of agitation, the slightest possible, gave interest to the face on which Colin was looking; and perhaps all the time he had known her she had never so nearly approached being beautiful; as certainly, all the time, she had never so narrowly escaped being true. If things had been with Colin as they once were, the probability is that, moved by her emotion, the whole story of his love would have poured forth at this emergency; and, had it done so, there is a possibility that Matty, carried away by the impulse of the moment, might have awoken next morning the affianced wife of the farmer's son of Ramore. Providence, however, was kinder to the pair. Colin sat on the other side of the table, and perceived that she was putting her little delicate probe into his wound. He saw all the asides and stage directions, and looked at her with a curious, vicarious sense of shame.

Colin, indeed, in his new enlightenment, was hard upon Matty. He thought it was all because she could not give up her power over the victim, whom she intended only to torture, that she had thus taken the trouble to re-open the ended intercourse. He could no more have believed that at this moment, while he was looking at her, such a thing was possible as that Matty might have accepted his love, and pledged her life to him, than he would have believed the wildest nonsense that ever was written in a fairy tale. So the moments passed, while the ignorant mortal sat on the opposite side of the table—which was a very fortunate thing

for both parties. Nevertheless, it was with a certain sense of contempt for him, as, after all, only an ordinary blind male creature, unconscious of his opportunities, mingled with a thrill of excitement, on her own part, natural to a woman who has just escaped a great danger, that Miss Matty listened to what Colin had to say.

"There is neither guilty nor innocent that I know of," said Colin; "you have all been very kind to me. It is very good of you to take the pains to understand me. I don't mean to take advantage of Sir Thomas Frankland's kindness; but I am not such a churl as to fling it back in his teeth as if it was pride alone that made me refuse it. It is not pride alone," said Colin, growing red, "but a sense of justice; for what I have done has been done by accident. I will write and explain to Sir Thomas what I mean."

"Write and explain?" said Matty. "You have twice said you would write. Do you mean that you are going away?"

"As soon as it is possible," said Colin; and then he perceived that he was speaking with rude distinctness. "Indeed, I have been taking advantage of your kindness too long. I have been a useless member of the household for six weeks at least. Yes, I must go away."

"You speak very calmly," said Matty. She was a little flushed, and there were tears in her eyes. If they had been real tears she would have hidden them carefully, but as they were only half real she had no objection to let Colin see that she was concealing them. "You are very composed about it, Mr. Campbell. One would think you were going away from a place distasteful to you; or, at least, which you were totally indifferent about. I daresay that is all very right and proper; but I have a good memory, and it appears rather strange to me."

It was altogether a trying situation for Colin. If she had been able to seduce him into a little recrimination she would have succeeded in dragging the reluctant captive back again into



his toils ; which, having by this time entirely recovered her senses, was all Miss Matty wanted. Her downcast, tearful eyes, the faltering in her voice, were wonderfully powerful weapons, which the young man was unable to combat by means of mere indifference. Colin, however, being a man of impulses, was never to be calculated on beforehand for any particular line of conduct ; and, on the present occasion, he entirely overleaped Miss Matty's bounds.

"Yes, it is strange," said Colin. "Perhaps nothing but the sight of death, who has been staring into my eyes for some time, could have shown me the true state of affairs. I have uttered a great deal of nonsense since I came to Wodensbourne, and you have listened to it, Miss Frankland ; and, perhaps, rather enjoyed seeing my tortures and my delights. But nothing could come of that ; and when death hangs on behind everything but love flies before him," said Colin. "It was pleasant sport while it lasted ; but everything, except love, comes to an end."

"Except love," said Miss Matty. She was terribly piqued and mortified on the surface, and a little humbled and sorrowful within. She had a sense, too, that, for one moment, at the beginning of this interview, she had almost been capable of that sentiment which Colin exalted so highly : and that, consequently, he did her injustice in speaking of it as something with which she had nothing to do. "I remember hearing you talk of *that* sometimes in the midst of what you call nonsense now. If you did not understand yourself, you can't expect that I should have understood you," she went on. To tell the truth, Miss Matty was very near crying. She had experienced the usual injustice of human affairs, and been punished for her vanity just at the moment when she was inclined to do better ; and her heart cried out against such cruel usage. This time, however, she kept her tears quite in subjection and did not show them, but only repeated, "You could not expect that I should understand you, if you did not understand yourself."

"No ; that is true at least," said Colin, with eyes that strayed beyond her, and had gone off in other regions unknown to Matty. This which had piqued her even at the height of their alliance gave her an excuse for her anger now.

"And when you go off into sentiment I never understand you," said the young lady. I will leave *l'incomodo*, as the Italians say. That shall be your first lesson in the language which my uncle says I am to teach you," said the baffled little witch ; and she went away with a glance half-spiteful, half-wistful, which had more effect upon Colin than a world of words. He got up to open the door for her, weak as he was, and took her hand and kissed it as she went away. Then Colin took himself laboriously upstairs, having done his day's work. And so unreasonable was the young man, that Matty's last glance filled his heart with gentler thoughts of the world in general, though he was not in love any longer. "I was not such a fool after all," he said to himself ; which was a great consolation. As for Matty, she cried heartily when she got to her room, and felt as if she had lost something. Nor did she recover until about luncheon, when some people came to call, and it was her duty to be entertaining, and relieve Lady Frankland. "I hope you said everything that was proper to Mr. Campbell, my dear," said the lady of the house when lunch was over. And so that chapter came to an end.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER this interview, it was strange to meet again the little committee upstairs, and resume the consideration of ways and means, which Sir Thomas would have settled so summarily. Colin could not help thinking of the difference with a little amusement. He was young enough to be able to dismiss entirely the grave thoughts of the previous night, feeling in his elastic, youthful mind, as he did, something of the fresh influence of the morning, or at least—for Colin had found out that

the wind was easterly, a thing totally indifferent to him in old times,—of the sentiment of the morning, which, so long as heart and courage are unbroken, renews the thoughts and hopes. Money was a necessary evil, to Colin's thinking. So long as there happened to be enough of it for necessary purposes, he was capable of laughing at the contrast between his own utter impecuniosity and the wealth which was only important for its immediate uses. Though he was Scotch, and of a careful, money-making race, this was as yet the aspect which money bore to the young man. He laughed as he leaned back in his easy chair.

"What Lauderdale makes up by working for years, and what we can't make up by any amount of working, Sir Thomas does with a scrape of his pen," said Colin. "Down-stairs they need to take little thought about these matters, and up here a great deal of thought serves to very little purpose. On the whole, it seems to me that it would be very good for our tempers and for our minds in general if we all had plenty of money," said the young philosopher, still laughing. He was tolerably indifferent on the subject, and able to take it easily. While he spoke, his eye lighted on his mother's face, who was not regarding the matter by any means so lightly. Mrs. Campbell on the contrary was suffering under one of the greatest minor trials of a woman. She thought her son's life depended on this going to Italy, and to procure the means for it there was nothing on earth his mother would not have done. She would have undertaken joyfully the rudest and hardest labour that ever was undertaken by man. She would have put her hands, which indeed were not unaccustomed to work, to any kind of toil; but with this eager longing in her heart she knew at the same time that it was quite impossible for her to do anything by which she could earn those sacred and precious coins on which her boy's life depended. While Colin spoke, his mother was making painful calculations what she could save and spare, at least,

if she could not earn. Colin stopped short when he looked at her; he could not laugh any longer. What was to him a matter of amused speculation was to her life or death.

"There canna but be inequalities in this world," said the Mistress, her tender brows still puckered with their baffling calculations. "I'm no envious of ony grandeur, nor of taking my ease, nor of the pleasures of this life. We're awfu' happy at hame in our sma' way when a's weel with the bairns; but its for their sakes, to get them a' that's good for them! Money's precious when it means health and life," said Mrs. Campbell with a sigh; "and its awfu' hard upon a woman when she can do nothing for her ain, and them in need."

"I've known it hard upon a man," said Lauderdale; "there's little difference when it comes to that. But a hundred pounds," he continued, with a delightful consciousness of power and magnificence, "is not a bad sum to begin upon; before that's done, there will be time to think of more. It's none of your business, callant, that I can see. If you'll no come with me, you must even stay behind. I've set my heart on a holiday. A man has little good of his existence when he does nothing but earn and eat and eat and earn again as I've been doing. I would like to take the play a while, and feel that I'm living."

When the Mistress saw how Lauderdale stretched his long limbs on his chair, and how Colin's face brightened with the look, half sympathetic, half provocative, which usually marked the beginning of a long discussion, she went to the other end of the room for her work. It was Colin's linen which his mother was putting in order, and she was rather glad to withdraw to the other side of the room, and retire within that refuge of needlework, which is a kind of sanctuary for a woman, and in which she could pursue undisturbed her own thoughts. After a while, though these discussions were much in Mrs. Campbell's way, and she was not disinclined in general to take

part in them, she lost the thread of the conversation. The voices came to her in a kind of murmur, now and then chiming in with a chance word or two with the current of her own reflections. The atmosphere which surrounded the convalescent had never felt so hopeful as to-day, and the heart of the mother swelled with a sense of restoration, a trust in God's mercy which recently had been dull and faint within her. Restoration, recovery, deliverance—Nature grows humble, tender, and sweet under these influences of heaven. The Mistress's heart melted within her, repenting of all the hard thoughts she had been thinking, of all the complaints she had uttered. "It is good for me that I was afflicted," said the Psalmist, but it was not until his affliction was past that he could say so. Anguish and loss make no such confession. The heart, when it is breaking, has enough ado to refrain from accusing God of its misery, and it is only the inhumanity of human advisers that would adjure it to make spiritual merchandise out of the hopelessness of its pain.

Matters were going on thus in Colin's chamber, where he and his friend sat talking; and the mother at the other end of the room, carefully sewing on Colin's buttons, began to descend out of her heaven of thankfulness, and to be troubled with a pang of apprehension lest her husband should not see things in the same light as she did, but might, perhaps, demur to Colin's journey as an unwarrantable expense. People at Ramore did not seek such desperate remedies for failing health. Whenever a cherished one was ill, they were content to get "the best doctors," and do everything for him that household care and pains could do; but, failing that, the invalid succumbed into the easy chair, and, when domestic cherishing would serve the purpose no longer, into a submissive grave, without dreaming of those resources of the rich which might still have prolonged the fading life. Colin of Ramore was a kind father, but he was only a man, as the Mistress recollected, and apt to come to different con-

clusions from an anxious and trembling mother. Possibly he might think this great expense unnecessary, not to be thought of, an injustice to his other children; and this thought disturbed her reflections terribly, as she sat behind their backs examining Colin's wardrobe. At all events, present duty prompted her to make everything sound and comfortable, that he might be ready to encounter the journey without any difficulty on that score; and, absorbed in these mingled cares and labours, she was folding up carefully the garments she had done with, and laying them before her in a snowy heap upon the table, when the curate knocked softly at the door. It was rather an odd scene for the young clergyman, who grew more and more puzzled by his Scotch acquaintances the more he saw of them, not knowing how to account for their quaint mixture of homeliness and intelligence, nor whether to address them politely as equals, or familiarly as inferiors. Mrs. Campbell came forward, when he opened the door, with her cordial smile and looks as gracious as if she had been a duchess. "Come away, sir," said the farmer's wife; "we are aye real glad to see you," and then the Mistress stopped short, for Henry Frankland was behind the curate, and somehow the heir of Wodensbourne was not a favourite with Colin's mother. But her discontentment lasted but a moment. "I canna bid ye welcome, Mr. Frankland, to your own house," said the diplomatical woman; "but if it was mine I would say I was glad to see you." That was how she got over the difficulty. But she followed the two young men towards the fire, when Colin had risen from his easy chair. She could but judge according to her knowledge, like other people; and she was a little afraid that the man who had taken his love from him, who had hazarded health and, probably, his life, would find little favour in Colin's eyes; and to be anything but courteous to a man who came to pay her a visit, even had he been her greatest enemy, was repugnant to her barbaric-princely Scotch ideas. She followed accordingly, to be

at hand and put things straight, if they went wrong.

"Frankland was too late to see you to-day when you were down-stairs; so he thought he would come up with me," said the curate, giving this graceful version of the fact that, dragged by himself and pursued by Lady Frankland, Harry had most reluctantly ascended the stair. "I am very glad indeed to hear that you were down to-day. You are looking—ah—better already," said the kind young man. As for Harry Frankland, he came forward and offered his hand, putting down at the same time on the table a pile of books with which he was loaded.

"My cousin told me you wanted to learn Italian," said Harry; "so I brought you the books. It's a very easy language; though people talk great nonsense about its being musical. It is not a bit sweeter than English. If you only go to Nice, French will answer quite well." He sat down suddenly and uncomfortably as he delivered himself of this utterance; and Colin, for his part, took up the grammar, and looked at it as if he had no other interest under the sun.

"I don't agree with Frankland there," said the curate; "everything is melodious in Italy except the churches. I know you are a keen observer, and I am sure you will be struck with the fine spirit of devotion in the people; but the churches are the most impious edifices in existence," said the Anglian, with warmth—which was said, not because the curate was thinking of ecclesiastical art at the moment, but by way of making conversation, and conducting the interview between the saved man and his deliverer comfortably to an end.

"I think you said you had never been in Scotland?" said Lauderdale. "But we'll not enter into that question, though I would not say myself but there is a certain influence in the form of a building independent of what you may hear there,—which is one advantage you have over us in this half of the kingdom," said the critic, with an

emphasis which was lost upon the company. "I'm curious to see the workings of an irrational system where it has no limit. It's an awful interesting subject of inquiry, and there is little doubt in my mind that a real popular system must aye be more or less irrational."

"I beg your pardon," said the curate. "Of course there are many errors in the Church of Rome, but I don't see that such a word as irrational——"

"It's a very good word," said Lauderdale. "I'm not using it in a contemptuous sense. Man's an irrational being, take him at his best. I'm not saying if its above reason or below reason, but out of reason; which makes it none the worse to me. All religion's out of reason for that matter—which is a thing we never can be got to allow in Scotland. You understand it better in your Church," said the philosopher, with a keen glance—half sarcastic, half amused—at the astonished curate, who was taken by surprise, and did not know what to say.

During this time, however, Colin and Harry were eyeing each other over the Italian books. "You won't find it at all difficult," said young Frankland; "if you had been staying longer we might have helped you. I say—look here—I am much obliged to you," Harry added suddenly: "a fellow does not know what to say in such circumstances. I am horribly vexed to think of your being ill. I'd be very glad to do as much for you as you have done for me."

"Which is simply nothing at all," said Colin, hastily; and then he became conscious of the effort the other had made. "Thank you for saying as much. I wish you could, and then nobody would think any more about it," he said, laughing; and then they regarded each other for another half minute across the table while Lauderdale and the curate kept on talking heresy. Then Colin suddenly held out his hand.

"It seems my fate to go away without a grudge against anybody," said the young man; "which is hard enough when one has a certain right to a grievance. Good-bye. I daresay after this your path and mine will scarcely cross again."

"Good-bye," said Harry Frankland, rising up—and he made a step or two to the door, but came back again, swallowing a lump in his throat. "Good-bye," he repeated, holding out his hand another time. "I hope you'll soon get well! God bless you, old fellow! I never knew you till now"—and so disappeared very suddenly, closing the door after him with a little unconscious violence. Colin lay back in his chair with a smile on his face. The two who were talking beside him had their ears intently open to this little bye-play, but they went on with their talk, and left the principal actors in this little drama alone.

"I wonder if I am going to die?" said Colin, softly, to himself; and then he caught the glance of terror, almost of anger, with which his mother stopped short and looked at him, with her lips apart, as if her breathing had stopped for the moment. "Mother, dear, I have no such intention," said the young man; "only that I am leaving Wodensbourne with feelings so amicable and amiable to everybody that it looks alarming. Even Harry Frankland, you see—and this morning his cousin—"

"What about his cousin, Colin?" said the Mistress, with bated breath.

Upon which Colin laughed—not harshly or in mockery—softly, with a sound of tenderness, as if somewhere not far off there lay a certain fountain of tears.

"She is very pretty, mother," he said, "very sweet, and kind, and charming. I daresay she will be a leader of fashion a few years hence, when she is married; and I shall have great pleasure in paying my respects to her when I go up from the Assembly in black silk stockings with a deputation to present an address to the Queen."

Mrs. Campbell never heard any more of what had been or had not been between her son and the little siren whom she herself, in the bitterness of her heart, had taken upon herself to reprove; and this was how Colin, without, as he said, a grudge against anybody, concluded the episode of Wodensbourne.

Some time, however, elapsed before it

was possible for Colin and his companion to leave England. Colin of Ramore was, as his wife had imagined, slow to perceive the necessity for so expensive a proceeding. The father's alarm by this time had come to a conclusion. The favourable bulletins which the Mistress had sent from time to time by way of calming the anxiety of the family, had appeared to the farmer the natural indications of a complete recovery; and so thought Archie, who was his father's chief adviser in the absence of the mistress of the house.

"The wife's gone crazy," said big Colin. "She thinks this laddie of hers should be humoured and made of as if he was Sir Thomas Frankland's son." And the farmer treated with a little carelessness his wife's assurances that a warmer climate was necessary for Colin.

"Naeboddy would ever have thought of such a thing had he been at hame when the accident happened," said Archie; which was, indeed, very true: and the father and son, who were the money-makers of the family, thought the idea altogether fantastical. The matter came to be mentioned to the minister, who was, like everybody else on the Holy Loch, interested about Colin, and, as it happened, finally reached the ears of the same Professor who had urged him to compete for the Balfour scholarship. Now, it would be hard in this age of competitive examinations to say anything in praise of a university prize awarded by favour—not to say that the prizes in Scotch universities are so few as to make such patronage specially invidious. Matters are differently managed now-a-days, and it is to be hoped that pure merit always wins the tiny rewards which Scotch learning has at its disposal; but in Colin's day the interest of a popular professor was worth something. The little conclave was again gathered round the fire in Colin's room at Wodensbourne, reading, with mingled feelings, a letter from Ramore, when another communication from Glasgow was put into Colin's hand. The farmer's letter had been a little im-



patient, and showed a household disarranged and out of temper. One of the cows was ill, and the maid-servant of the period had not proved herself equal to the emergency. "I don't want to hurry you, or to make Colin move before he is able," wrote the head of the house; "but it appears to me that he would be far more likely to recover his health and strength at home." The Mistress had turned aside, apparently to look out at the window, from which was visible a white blast of rain sweeping over the dreary plain which surrounded Wodensbourne, though in reality it was to hide the gush of tears that had come to her eyes. Big Colin and his wife were what people call "a very united couple," and had kept the love of their youth wonderfully fresh in their hearts; but still there were times when the man was impatient and dull of understanding, and could not comprehend the woman, just as, perhaps, though Mrs. Campbell was not so clearly aware of that side of the question, there might be times when, on her side, the woman was equally a hindrance to the man. She looked out upon the sweeping rain, and thought of the "soft weather" on the Holy Loch, which had so depressing an effect upon herself, notwithstanding her sound health and many duties, and of the winds of March which were approaching, and of Colin's life,—the most precious thing on earth, because the most in peril. What was she to do, a poor woman who had nothing, who could earn nothing, who had only useless yearnings and cares of love to give her son?

While Mrs. Campbell was thus contemplating her impotence, and wringing her hands in secret over the adverse decision from home, Lauderdale was walking about the room in a state of high good-humour and content, radiant with the consciousness of that hundred pounds, "or maybe mair," with which it was to be his unshared, exclusive privilege to succour Colin. "I see no reason why we should wait longer. The Mistress is wanted at home, and the east winds are coming on; and, when our siller is spent

we'll make more," said the exultant philosopher. And it was at this moment of all others that the professor's letter was put into the invalid's hands. He read it in silence, while the Mistress remained at the window, concocting in her mind another appeal to her husband, and wondering in her tender heart how it was that men were so dull of comprehension and so hard to manage. "If Colin should turn ill again"—for she dared not even think the word she meant—"his father would never forgive himself," said the Mistress to herself; and, as for Lauderdale, he had returned to the contemplation of a Continental Bradshaw, which was all the literature of which at this crisis Colin's friend was capable. They were both surprised when Colin rose up, flushed and excited, with this letter which nobody had attached any importance to in his hands. "They have given me one of the Snell scholarships," said Colin without any preface, "to travel and complete my studies. It is a hundred pounds a year; and I think, as Lauderdale says, we can start to-morrow," said the young man, who in his weakness and excitement was moved almost to tears.

"Eh, Colin, the Lord bless them!" said the Mistress, sitting down suddenly in the nearest chair. She did not know who it was upon whom she was bestowing that benediction, which came from the depths of her heart; but she had to sit still after she had uttered it, blinded by two great tears that made even her son's face invisible, and with a trembling in her frame which rendered her incapable of any movement. She was inconsistent, like other human creatures. When she had attained to this sudden deliverance, and had thanked God for it, it instantly darted through her mind that her boy was going to leave her on a solemn and doubtful journey, now to be delayed no longer; and it was some time before she was able to get up and arrange for the last time the carefully-mended linen, which was all ready for him now. She packed it, shedding a few tears over it, and



saying prayers in her tender heart for her firstborn ; and God only knows the difficulty with which she preserved her smile and cheerful looks, and the sinking of her heart when all her arrangements were completed. Would he ever come back again to make her glad ? " You'll take awfu' care of my laddie ? " she said to Lauderdale, who, for his part, was not delighted with the Snell scholarship ; and that misanthrope answered, " Ay, I'll take care of him." That was all that passed between the two guardians, who knew, in their inmost hearts, that the object of their care might never come back again. All the household of Wodensbourne turned out to wish Colin a good journey next morning when he went away ; and the Mistress put down the old-fashioned veil when the express was gone which carried him to London, and went home again

humbly by the night-train. Fortunately there was in the same carriage with her a harassed young mother with little children, whose necessities speedily demanded the lifting-up of Mrs. Campbell's veil. And the day was clear on the Holy Loch, and all her native hills held out their arms to her, when the good woman reached her home. She was able to see the sick cows that afternoon, and her experience suggested a means of relieving the speechless creatures, which filled the house with admiration. " She may be a foolish woman about her bairns," said big Colin, who was half pleased and half angry to hear her story ; " but it's a different-looking house when the wife comes hame." And thus the natural sunshines came back again to the Mistress's eyes.

*To be continued.*

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

ALL persons, I fancy, who have lived for a period in America must, at times, feel a sort of strange doubt as to whether their recollections are not creations of their own fancy. My life in the United States often seems to me, on looking back, like a stray chapter interleaved by mistake into the book of my existence. I have lived longer in other foreign countries, but in them I was always a stranger, and knew that I should remain so to the end. In the Northern States, I was, for the time, at home. I lived the life of the people amongst whom I was thrown. I learnt to know their family histories, the details of their household existence, the little cares and pleasures which make up the sum of daily life all the world over. For a time I was a sharer in this life, and then, with the sailing of the packet from the shores of the New World, the whole of this existence came to an abrupt close. So I often catch myself

thinking about some home far away in that distant country, and wondering whether it looks the same as when I saw it last ; and then, when the recollection comes that time has gone by, and that the children are growing up and have forgotten me, doubtless, long ago, the whole scene becomes so confused and hazy that I begin to doubt whether I have ever seen it or only have dreamed it. It is so hard to realize that if I returned I should not find things exactly as I left them : that, for instance, if I went back I should no longer find a welcome in the house of Hawthorne. Let me write of him as I knew him. Let me say a few words in recollection of a man of genius, whom it was my fortune to know somewhat intimately.

My acquaintance with Hawthorne was not one of long duration. I first shook hands with him one Sunday evening, at a Washington party, in the month of March, 1861. I shook hands with

him for the last time in parting at the door of his own house, at Concord, some three months later. Circumstances, however, rendered this acquaintance of a more intimate character than that which usually springs up from a chance letter of introduction; and I fancy that the knowledge I thus gained enabled me to understand something of the true nature of a man little understood in this country, and much misunderstood in his own. I need hardly say that the winter of 1862 was the first of the great civil war. McClellan was then in his glory as the young Napoleon; the grand army of the Potomac was just leaving its winter-quarters to commence what was regarded as a triumphal progress, and Washington was filled with travellers of all classes and all nations, gathered to witness the aspects of this vast struggle. Amongst others, Hawthorne had come there, in company with the late Mr. Ticknor, the well-known Boston publisher. It was at a reception of my kind friend, Mrs. E——, a lady whom every English visitor at Washington has cause to feel grateful to, that I met Hawthorne. I fancy that I had once seen him before in Rome. At any rate, his face seemed strangely familiar to me. He was utterly un-American in look—unlike, that is, the normal Yankee type, as we picture it to ourselves. As I write, I can see him now, with that grand, broad forehead, fringed scantily by the loose worn wavy hair, passing from black to grey, with the deep-sunk flashing eyes—sometimes bright, sometimes sad, and always “distract”-looking—as if they saw something beyond what common eyes could see, and with the soft feminine mouth, which, at its master's bidding—or, rather, at the bidding of some thought over which its master had no control—could smile so wondrous pleasantly. It was not a weak face—far from it. A child, I think, might have cheated Hawthorne; but there were few men who could have cheated him without his knowing that he was being cheated. He was not English-looking except in as far as he

was not American. When you had once gazed at his face or heard him speak, the very idea that he ever could have gone a-head in any way, or ever talked bunkum of any kind seemed an absurdity in itself. How he ever came to have been born in that bustling New World became, from the first moment I knew him, an increasing mystery to me. If ever a man was out of his right element it was Hawthorne in America. He belonged, indeed, to that scattered Shandean family, who never are in their right places wherever they happen to be born—to that race of Hamlets, to whom the world is always out of joint anywhere. His keen poetic instinct taught him to appreciate the latent poetry lying hid dimly in the great present and the greater future of the country in which his lot was thrown; and, though keenly, almost morbidly, sensitive to the faults and absurdities of his countrymen, he appreciated their high sterling merit with that instinctive justice which was the most remarkable attribute of his mind. England itself suited him but little better than the States—more especially that part of England with which his travels had made him most familiar. To have been a happy man, he should, I think, have been born in some southern land, where life goes onwards without changing, where social problems are unknown, and what has been yesterday is to-day, and which will be to-morrow. Never was a man less fitted to buffet out the battle of life amidst our Anglo-Saxon race. He held his own, indeed, manfully, and kept his head above those waters in which so many men of genius have sunk. But the struggle was too much for him, and left him worn-out and weary. Had, however, the conditions of his life been more suited to his nature, he would, I suspect, have dreamed the long years away—and what he gained the world would have lost.

Before I met him for the first time, I was warned not to be surprised at his extreme shyness. The caution was not unneeded. There was something almost painful in the nervous timidity of his

manner when a stranger first addressed him. My impression was that he meant to say, The kindest thing you can do is not to speak to me at all; and so, after a few formal phrases, of which I can recall nothing, our conversation ended, and, as I thought, our acquaintance also. Circumstances, however, threw us gradually together. There were, at that time, in Washington, numerous expeditions to the different localities of the war, to which we both were invited. The list of my acquaintances was necessarily small, as I was a stranger; and it so happened that persons with whom I was most intimate were also old friends of Hawthorne. Moreover—I say this out of no personal feeling, but in order to illustrate the character of the man of whom I write—he felt himself more at his ease with me than with his own countrymen at that particular crisis. The American mind, being of our own nature, is not a many-sided one. It grasps one idea, or rather one side of an idea, and holds it with a sublime and implicit confidence in the justice of its views. That McClellan was a heaven-born general, that the army of the Potomac must take Richmond, that the rebellion was nearly crushed, that the rebels were, one and all, villains of the deepest dye, that the North was wholly and altogether in the right, and the South wholly and altogether in the wrong, were axioms held in Washington, during the spring of 1862, as confidently and as unhesitatingly as we held an analogous belief during our wars with the Great Napoleon. Now, it was impossible for a man like Hawthorne to be an enthusiastic partisan. When Goethe was attacked, because he took no part in the patriotic movement which led to the war of German independence, he replied, “I love my country, but I cannot hate the French.” So Hawthorne, loving the North, but not hating the South, felt himself altogether out of harmony with the passion of the hour. If he spoke his own mind freely, he was thought by those around him to be wanting in attachment to his country. And therefore, seeing that, I—though sym-

pathizing with the cause which at least was his cause also—could not look upon it after the fashion of Americans, he seemed to take a pleasure in talking to me about his views. Many are the conversations that I have had with him, both about the war and about slavery. To make his position intelligible, let me repeat an anecdote which was told me by a very near friend of his and mine, who had heard it from President Pierce himself. Frank Pierce had been, and was to the day of Hawthorne's death, one of the oldest of his friends. At the time of the Presidential election of 1856, Hawthorne, for once, took part in politics, wrote a pamphlet in favour of his friend, and took a most unusual interest in his success. When the result of the nomination was known, and Pierce was president-elect, Hawthorne was among the first to come and wish him joy. He sat down in the room moodily and silently, as was his wont when anything troubled him; then, without speaking a word, he shook Pierce warmly by the hand, and at last remarked, “Ah, Frank, what a pity!” The moment the victory was won, that timid, hesitating mind saw the evils of the successful course—the advantages of the one which had not been followed. So it was always. Of two lines of action, he was perpetually in doubt which was the best; and so, between the two, he always inclined to letting things remain as they are. Nobody disliked slavery more cordially than he did; and yet the difficulty of what was to be done with the slaves weighed constantly upon his mind. He told me once, that, while he had been consul at Liverpool, a vessel arrived there with a number of negro sailors, who had been brought from slave-states and would, of course, be enslaved again on their return. He fancied that he ought to inform the men of the fact, but then he was stopped by the reflection—who was to provide for them if they became free; and, as he said, with a sigh, “while I was thinking the vessel sailed.” So I recollect, on the old battle-field of Manassas, in which I strolled in company with Hawthorne, meeting a batch of runaway

slaves—weary, footsore, wretched, and helpless beyond conception; we gave them food and wine, some small sums of money, and got them a lift upon a train going Northwards; but not long afterwards, Hawthorne turned to me with the remark, "I am not sure we were doing right after all. How can those poor beings find food and shelter away from home?" Thus this ingrained and inherent doubt incapacitated him from following any course vigorously. He thought, on the whole, that Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison and the Abolitionists were in the right, but then he was never quite certain that they were not in the wrong after all; so that his advocacy of their cause was of a very uncertain character. He saw the best, to alter slightly the famous Horatian line, but he never could quite make up his mind whether he altogether approved of its wisdom, and therefore followed it but falteringly;

"Better to bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of,"

expressed the philosophy to which Hawthorne was thus borne imperceptibly. Unjustly, but yet not unreasonably, he was looked upon as a pro-slavery man, and suspected of Southern sympathies. In politics he was always halting between two opinions; or, rather, holding one opinion, he could never summon up his courage to adhere to it and it only. Moreover, if I am to speak the truth, the whole nature of Hawthorne shrank from the rough wear and tear inseparable from great popular movements of any kind. His keen observant intellect served to show him the weaknesses and vanities and vulgarities of the whole class of reformers. He recognised that their work was good; he admired the thoroughness he could not imitate; but somehow the details of popular agitation were strangely offensive to him. On one occasion I was present with Hawthorne at a great picnic, where the chief celebrities of the then new Republican Congress were assembled. Many of them were men who had come raw from the Western

States, with all the manners and customs of those half-civilized communities. There was a good deal of horse-play and rough joking and good-humoured vulgarity, sufficient to amuse, without annoying, any one who liked to observe eccentricity of character. But to Hawthorne the whole scene seemed inexpressively disagreeable and repulsive, and I shall never forget the expression of intense disgust with which he turned to me, after a leading senator had enlivened the day by telling a very broad story in front of a bar where we all were liquoring, and whispered, "How would *you* like to see the Lord Chancellor of England making a fool of himself in a pot-house?" And so this fastidiousness often, I think, obscured the usual accuracy of his judgment. The impression, for instance, made upon him by the personal manner and behaviour of President Lincoln was so inconsistent with his own ideas of dignity, that he longed, as I know, to describe him as he really appeared, and only failed to do so, in his "Sketches of the War," in consequence of the representations of his friends. Still, I can recall how, after he had been describing to me the impression left upon him by his visit to the White House, an eminently characteristic doubt crossed his mind as to whether he was not in the wrong. "Somehow," he said, "though why I could never discern, I have always observed that the popular instinct chooses the right man at the right time. But then," he added, "as you have seen Lincoln, I wish you could have seen Pierce too; you would have seen a real gentleman."

Thus, about the whole question of the war, Hawthorne's mind was, I think, always hovering between two views. He sympathised with the war in principle; but its inevitable accessories—the bloodshed, the bustle, and, above all perhaps, the bunkum which accompanied it—were to him absolutely hateful. Never was a man more strangely misplaced by fate than Hawthorne in that revolutionary war-time. His clear powerful intellect dragged him one way, and his

delicate sensitive taste the other. That he was not in harmony with the tone of his countrymen was to him a real trouble, and he envied keenly the undoubting faith in the justice of their cause, which was possessed by the brother men-of-letters among whom he lived. To any one who knew the man, the mere fact that Hawthorne should have been able to make up his mind to the righteousness and expediency of the war at all, is evidence of the strength of that popular passion which has driven the North into conflict with the South. It was curious to me at that time to see how universal this conviction of the justice of the war was amongst the American people. A man less like Hawthorne than his friend and companion Ticknor cannot well be conceived. A shrewd, kindly man of business, with little sentiment in his disposition, he valued, and was valued by, Hawthorne—exactly because each possessed the qualities in which the other was deficient. In a different way, and on different grounds, he was, perhaps, naturally more adverse to the war than even Hawthorne himself. Ticknor, as I knew him, always seemed to me a man who took life very pleasantly—eminently not a reformer; ready enough, after a kindly fashion, to think that everything was for the best in the best possible of worlds; and well inclined towards the Southerners, with whom he had had business and personal relations of old standing date. I remember, one night that I passed at his house, his telling me, as we sat alone upstairs smoking after the family were gone to bed, that often and often he could not get to sleep because he felt so wretched when he thought of the war then raging in the land he had known so peaceful and so prosperous. And yet he also had, as far as I could learn, no question whatever that the war he deplored so much was righteous and inevitable.

But I wish not to wander into politics. I am thinking now rather of the contrast between those two friends—one so shrewd, the other so simple—both so kind. Their relation was more like that of old school-boy friends than the

ordinary one of author and publisher. Ticknor was so proud of Hawthorne, and Hawthorne was so fond of Ticknor; and yet in a relationship of this kind there was absolutely no loss of dignity on either side. When I was in Boston, Hawthorne was going to write—or, rather, was thinking of writing—a novel, to be brought out in England simultaneously with its production in America; and it was arranged, at Hawthorne's request, that Ticknor was to accompany him over to England to make the arrangements for the sale of his copyright. I can recall now the plans we made for meeting and dining together in London, and how both the men, each after his own fashion, seemed to enjoy the prospect of coming over to the old country, which they loved so well. Here, in England, people accused Hawthorne, as I think, unfairly, for the criticisms contained in his last book upon our national habits and character. The abuse was exaggerated, after our wont; but I admit, freely, that there were things in the "Old Home" which I think its author would not have written if his mind had not been embittered by the harsh and unsparing attacks that, ever since the outbreak of the war, have been poured upon everything and everybody in the North. With all his sensitiveness, and all his refinement, and all his world-culture, Hawthorne was still a Yankee in heart. He saw the defects of his own countrymen only too clearly; he was willing enough to speak of them unsparingly; but, when others abused his country, then the native New England blood was roused within that thoughtful nature. Possibly, if my own country were in trouble, and on the very verge of ruin, I should not be able to take so lightly the few bitter half-truths which Hawthorne wrote about England and its people. Happily, we are strong enough not to feel sarcasm; and even if it were not so, I, for one, should find it difficult to have anything but the kindest memories of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The days that I spent in his house at Concord are recorded in my memory as among



the pleasantest of a wandering life. Most of the family happened to be away from home, so that our company was a very small one. It was in the first blush of the early summer, and the little New England village was at the height of its quiet beauty. The house itself, lying beyond the village, at the foot of a low hill, buried almost in trees, was a fitting home for the author of the "Scarlet Letter." In his own home, the shyness which often rendered it difficult to get on with him seemed to fall away. To me, at least, he was the most courteous and kindly of hosts; and I think, before the end of my visit, he had overcome the nervous doubt which always oppressed him, whether it was possible for anybody not to get bored in his company. As I write, I recall, one by one, all the incidents of that visit—the strolls in the pine wood above the house, where the leaves fluttered to and fro, and the wind sighed fitfully; the lounges on the hot summer afternoons, on the banks of the torpid Concord stream, watching the fish dart in and out underneath the rushes; the row upon the little lake, with the visits to the neighbours' houses, in that genial, kindly community; and, above all, the long talks at night, when everybody else was asleep, and when over the cigars and whisky Hawthorne would chat on in that low musical voice I found such a charm in listening to. He was not a brilliant talker; there are not many sayings of his I can recollect, worth repeating in themselves as disjointed fragments. It is difficult to analyse the charm of anything which pleases you; but if I were obliged to try to explain the attraction of Hawthorne's talk, I

should say it lay in the odd combination of clear, hard-headed sense and dreamy fancy. Cynical he was not; his mind was too large a one for anything small or mean; but he was tolerant of everything to a marvellous degree; catholic in all his judgments; sceptical because he saw any question from so many points of view. In truth, at the time I often fancied that Shakspeare's conversation in private life must have been akin to that I heard on those evenings spent in Hawthorne's study. On the last evening that I passed there I remember that our talk rambled, after many things, as men's talk often will, to the question of what was to happen to us when life is over. We were speaking of the spiritualist creed, that existence recommences, under another form, the moment after death. "Ah," said Hawthorne, half laughing, half seriously, "I hope there will be a break. A couple of thousand years or so of sleep is the least that I can do with before I begin life again."

These few words which I have written I have written frankly, knowing, or at any rate believing, that Hawthorne himself would prefer to be so written of. I think he knew and judged himself with the same measure as he judged others. I recollect, as we shook hands for the last time, at the door of his house, he said to me, in parting, "I am glad for once to have met an Englishman who can see there are two sides to every question." The compliment was undeserved enough, but I have sought to merit it in saying something of him who made it. And those who knew him best, and therefore loved him best, will not, I think, be angry with me for so doing.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF SÖNDERBORG.

My only object in the few following pages is to describe, as plainly as I can, what might be seen two months ago by two extremely peaceful persons, who thought a "vacation ramble" not ill-

directed towards the Island of Alsen, when the great Schleswig-Holstein question was putting itself into a very practical and intelligible form. The visit I am about to describe was an extremely



hurried one; and, as it turned out, we came in for no scenes of horrible carnage, such as are represented in pictures. But we had made up our minds, my companion and I, that a mere glimpse at a warlike corner of the world, and the spectacle of a shot or two, fired in what is usually called anger, would be, perhaps, interesting, and certainly instructive.

It may be as well at starting to make sure of the names of the places; and there was never a place in the world where nomenclature runs more riot than in Denmark. I have spoken of a visit to Alsén; but the phrase is a mere condescension to the weakness of the English public. "Den Sydlige Deel af Denmark"—the government map—is now before me; and the island is called not Alsén, but Als. I think, from one brief week's study of the Danish language and literature, but am not sure, that the termination usually assigned to the word must represent the masculine definite article, which forms in Danish the ending of every substantive with which it is used, and may possibly have attached itself to the real proper name by a German or English mistake. Again, is the peninsula from which the Prussian bombardment has been kept up, Bragerland, or Braagerland, or Broagerland, or Broackerland? My map says Broager; and so let it be for the present. Similarly, let the forts be those of Dybbøl—the Danish *y* is pronounced like the German *ü*—and let the town be that of Sønderborg. The most important thing to be remembered in Danish names, it may be observed, is that the double *a* is sounded as a very broad "aw," almost approaching to "oa."

One evening, at the end of March, we started from Copenhagen westwards, by rail. I shall say nothing of a certain ambitious but unsuccessful attempt that we made to perform the journey in another manner, because that attempt resulted in a gloomy failure, and its history shall therefore be buried in oblivion. Mere details of journeys are generally uninteresting, and I shall only mention one or two incidents of our travel. The first of them was the

melody of the recruits. We went, I need hardly say, third-class, and thereby saw life; and, in the train, we began for the first time to perceive that Denmark was at war. The capital had been so quiet and decorous, almost sleepy, that the patriotic songs in the railway carriage, which lasted nearly three hours, had, to the last, almost a character of novelty. But the most remarkable thing was the airs they sang. We recognised (1) a popular London melody; (2) a drawing-room air, relating to a seafaring life; (3) "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign"—sung, rather rapidly, to words which of course we could not understand; (4) the refrain of "Villikens;" (5) "Den Tappere Landsoldat," the Danish patriotic song; (6) to our astonishment, part of the Hunter's Chorus in *Freischütz*, with something like the proper words, sung by several of the men together!

One more scene of travel I must tell. We were walking, with our knapsacks, in the Island of Funen, from Nyborg to Svenborg, at which place we expected to catch the steamer to Als. We started from Nyborg against a very high wind, and one of the coldest that I ever remember to have felt, and presently the snow came pelting in our faces as we marched over the dreary downs. The country is something like that of Royston—inland Cornwall, perhaps, might be more like—but with a dash of the Bedford Level about it. With sinews not entirely unaccustomed to English pedestrianism we struggled on for about ten miles, and then, wet through and half frozen, fairly gave in. We had come to the shelter of a little bit of a village, in which no inn of any kind appeared; and our knowledge of the Scandinavian dialects was then only of forty-eight hours' standing. We knocked at the door of the first cottage, and vainly endeavoured to make the inmates understand that we wanted either a hostelry or the parson's house. At last, in a moment of inspiration, and after frequent reference to our vocabulary, one of us hit upon the happy phrase, *jeg er sulten*, I am hungry! The simple pathos of

the appeal won its way to the hearts of the listeners. They took us in, gave us pancakes of bread and flour, odd sandwiches, gin, coffee, fire, and sympathy. In such a case the hero of a novel throws to the peasants a handful of gold pieces, and rides away. We did not do this, but we offered them in the most delicate way, *via* the baby, a dollar. They positively refused to touch it, and we started again. If any future traveller in Funen will stop at the village of Langaa, enter the first cottage on the right-hand side, and make the people in it a present of a diamond brooch or some other trifle, in memory of two famished English wayfarers, he will win our grateful thanks.

We reached Svenborg that day. It still snowed a good deal, with a high wind; but the beechwoods in the south of the island gave some protection against the latter. Next day, after seeing the hospitals, we started for the war. It is almost humiliating to think how little we deserved the interest that every one in these out-of-the-way places took in us. At the little tavern, for example, in which we passed that night, we held a perfect *levée* all the evening. What increased the interest at this particular place, was the following circumstance. We had all along told the people, in answer to constant inquiries, that we were *not* volunteers, and had managed to make them understand it. This evening, in the course of what can hardly be called conversation, one individual began to throw his arms about wildly, and at first quite unintelligibly. After some little time, the bright idea struck us, that it was his way, and a very odd one, of representing battle, and that he wished to know whether we were going to fight. Unfortunately, in trying to explain our position, I used the expression that we had come only "at seen," to see, to look on; but the result was remarkable. They took it into their heads that we were maritime, and something, probably, in the way of a force of midshipmen, come to the rescue, and we gave up the idea of trying to undeceive them. Hencefor-

ward, the hats we were wearing, and which they carefully examined, acquired a new significance. My ribbon was in reality the ribbon of an English cricket-club; but it will long be regarded by the inhabitants of one corner of Funen as the uniform of the coming British naval contingent.

The steamers used to convey passengers at first direct to Sönderborg; but, when the Prussians raised batteries at Broager, the roads became unsafe for shipping, and a fine harbour, called Hörup Har, was turned into a kind of Balaclava. In fact, the geographical arrangement of Sönderborg and Hörup is not unlike that of Sebastopol and Balaclava; and they are certainly remarkable alike in respect of the roads which connect them. The distance, however, is not quite so great; not more, perhaps, than five English miles. Towards the end of them, the traveller comes in sight of some windmills; and a stream of soldiers, returning for the night to the farm-houses where they are billeted, is the first sight of war. Then there is a row of what the un-military eye imagines to be cannon, and what proves to be water-barrels. Then comes a company or two on the march to Fredericia, and then the little town—rough, swarming, noisy, cold, and, oh, so dirty! Every inn, every house is full. The inhabitants seem to care but little for money, and cannot speak English. Unfortunate pedestrians who arrive in the evening have the most distinct prospect before them with regard to the coming night. They may, if they please, walk about all night. They may, if they prefer it, lie down on any dry stones that may offer. Or they may, if their tastes should so lead them, choose in preference the mud. The hardy Norseman may, perhaps, have cared little of yore what became of him in such circumstances; but, as we were unprovided with greatcoats and shawls, these alternatives appeared to ourselves, on the occasion of our entrance, dismal; and, by that luck which seems so fond of affronting the already unfortunate, the friend to whom we had brought

an introduction—that introduction on which we had built our hopes—was out. What language of mine can render adequate thanks to the all-benevolent Danish officer, who—completely a stranger to us—gave us shelter, brought us to supper with his mess, and, after much personal trouble, procured us, if not beds, at least a substitute for them? Before going to sleep we went down to the little quay by the bridge, and, as we reached it, Orion was striding over the batteries on Broager, and the bivouac-fires of Dybbøl were gleaming up to the calm and queenly Cassiopeia.

Nothing was being talked of, when we arrived at Sønderborg, but the attack of the previous day. No event had, as yet, happened in the war which had put such spirit into the Danish army,—nothing which so fully turned out a success for their side; but, to this day, the whole affair is unexplained. It was an attack, not, indeed, in force, though the reserve was all in readiness to act, but yet a distinct and positive attack on the works. The Prussians talk of it as a reconnaissance; but what general in ancient or modern times has ever thought it necessary to reconnoitre, with seven thousand men, at three o'clock on a moonless morning, a bit of ground—every inch of which he knew by heart already? The Danish commander speaks of it in a general order as an attempt to open parallels; but it would be rather odd conduct in the Prussian to begin to open parallels at two hundred yards from a battery, after spending a fortnight five hundred yards from the same battery without ever beginning a parallel where he was. It may have been an attempt at a surprise; it may, perhaps, have been a mere wish to appear to be doing something, a mere amusing of troops—and the Diet. At any rate, the attack was made at three in the morning, and by eight it was a victory for the Danes. Again and again the works were assaulted, and every time the assailants were gallantly repulsed. In the end,—men told us they heard the words,—some Prussian regiments refused to advance any more. Everything

was, accordingly, over by nine o'clock, and the troops returned to camp.

It lasted long enough, however, for one of our countrymen to win golden opinions from the army, by an act of gallantry. The result was extremely satisfactory to us, as we came in, after his departure, for no small share of the popularity which showered itself upon him. What were the precise details of the episode in question; whether, as has been said, and as we heard ourselves, a slight shade of humour, not enough to take anything from its real bravery, was thrown over the exploit by the circumstance of Mr. Herbert's shortsightedness, we are not able to pronounce; but perhaps in the next edition of his "*Danes in Camp*," Mr. Herbert will not mind informing the public whether he did or did not, in the hurry of the moment, at first try to bring the wrong man into cover. At any rate, the army formed a very distinct opinion on the merits of the act; and they say that the way the soldiers kept on shaking hands with him all day afterwards was a perfect treat to see.

What grand, patient fellows these Danish soldiers are! They are wonderfully big—almost every man one meets is above the average size of Englishmen, and the regiment of Guards might be sons of Thor or Odin for their size. They all seem so good-humoured too, and gentlemanly. There are a great number of men serving in the ranks who fill a very respectable place in society; tradesmen, farmers, some men of private means. Almost all can read and write. Lazy they certainly are—at least what we should call lazy. The first regiment that came up, at five o'clock on the morning of the 28th, crossed the bridge and marched to the front without ever breaking into the double. The soldiers that are digging at the earthworks go through their work as if a war was going to break out sometime in the next fifty years, and the Austrians might possibly come to attack the spot in the lives of their great-grandsons. They are surprisingly honest. Sønderborg is teeming with soldiers, and yet we never think of locking our doors or

even strapping up our knapsacks. They are never tipsy—they are never violent ; but they are certainly brave men, and, barring all dash and all military show —(for I believe my own gallant eighty-eighth Middlesex could form fours better than all the Danish army put together) —they are very fine soldiers. They are not the men to take a battery, but they are just the men to defend it ; and, to one looking at them as they lie in the trenches of an afternoon, muffled in their greatcoats and with their feet buried in straw, they seem as sturdy and comfortable as the little men packed up in a Noah's ark. Poor fellows ! they marched, an officer assured us, in the bitter snows of the February retreat, from the Dannewerk, more than 30 miles for two successive days, carrying knapsacks and rifles, and with little rest and no sleep between the two.

The Englishmen at Als are seven in number : two newspaper correspondents, three other and more permanent lookers-on, and ourselves. Besides these, there is one Italian and one Frenchman. Two more Frenchmen there ought to be ; but somehow the correspondents of the Paris papers do not seem to stick quite so closely to their work as the steady Englishmen. The colony forms, for purposes of dinner, what we dignify by the name of a club ; and the club dines every evening, sometimes with one or two Danish guests, in our bed-room. There is enough to eat at Sönderborg for the most part, though not quite as much meat as one would wish ; and the troops are excellently fed. What a curious language we talk ! English, French, bits of Danish for the waiters, bits of German when we can't express ourselves in Danish ! In such a place as this one's whole ideas about language get out of joint, and we find ourselves almost puzzled to tell what we have been talking. A good many of the officers, though by no means the majority, talk some English : rather more, perhaps, can express themselves in French. But, perhaps, the most curious conversation I ever had was with a village priest, who good-naturedly hurried after and made friends

with us as we walked along a road. It was carried on in a very remarkable and memorable pentaglott, the fifth language being Latin ; and I am bound to say that the Latin was the one which the excellent parson spoke worst of all. I shall never forget the amusing futility of his attempts to express "eighty-five" in all the languages, one after another. When he left us he gave us a cordial invitation to come and lunch with him. "Farvel," he said, "jentlemans ; wenn Sie venibunt, kom pour me voir, et essen, De skal be welcom ! Ecce domus meus ! Farvel !"

I think the thing that most surprises us here is, that everything is so exactly like what we expected. Whether it is the result of military novels, or of special correspondent's letters, I cannot say ; but every fresh scene that we come across seems as if we had somewhere come across it before. The primitive suppermess of the officers exactly reminds one of Charles O'Malley ; the big room at head-quarters, where the officers in uniform are filling up forms and looking over maps, is just what we feel it ought to be. A plan of Fredericia is on the table ; an officer of engineers is waiting to get some instructions ; as we go in to the little sideroom, for an audience, a naval captain comes out of it with an air of mysterious import. The scenes of the streets, the look of the soldiers, even the very talk that we hear, is just what we had fancied all along it must be. Unfortunately, we left the island half a day before the bombardment of Sönderborg began ; but I am convinced that, if we had been a few hours later in the room in which we spent our last evening, and had seen the shell which then burst in it, we should have declared with one consent that that was the very shell which had mentally been bursting in our room ever since, in earliest childhood, we first heard of the use of gunpowder. One thing only we missed—we saw nothing of the "pomp and circumstance of war." But yet we hardly expected to see any of it at Dybbøl ; and I believe military men will be found to agree in saying, that the pomp and circumstance

of war are things which have their existence exclusively in times of peace.

It is time, perhaps, to say something about the actual Düppel works. But I should mention, at the outset, that both my companions and myself are, to this moment, profoundly ignorant of all military engineering ; regard Vauban's First System much as we regard the Lunar Theorem ; and know no more of the art of war than every effective British volunteer must know, who has been duly taught to place the hollow of the right heel against the lower band, and at the word one cut the left hand away. On the very last day of our sojourn we were wandering over the works, and having come to the end of a little space of open ground, were consulting how best to keep in view of the operations, and at the same time not be exposed to fire without some cover. "Here," exclaimed one of us—I do not say which, in order not to wound any susceptibilities—"Here, let us get across this ditch, and make for the corner." Ditch ! gracious heavens ! it was a *trench* we were at, and we were actually standing on—on whatever is the proper military expression to represent a ledge. It will probably be allowed that nothing which I can say can possibly constitute an authoritative opinion on the Danish defences. Still, as far as unlearned civilians could, we were not long in coming to an opinion, to express which at the time would have been but a poor return for the courtesy which we received at the head-quarters of General von Gerlach, and, indeed, from all those Danish officers and men with whom we were at any time brought into contact. Not one of the party of Englishmen at Sönderborg had any other opinion about the strength of the position than this :—that, whenever the Prussian army made up their minds to take it, they certainly could and would.

A person standing on the little hill on which the church of Sönderborg is built, and looking westwards, will see before him, on the opposite side of the "Sund," a hill gently sloping upwards from the water to the distance of about half a mile.

The centre of this hill is marked by the now famous Düppel windmill, on either side of which the ground falls away slowly to the north and south. On the south, it declines towards the low earth cliffs which fringe the Wemningbund ; the northern ridge is carried along, in a slight curve, towards the north-east, till it reaches the shore of the Sund. Along this ridge, as is well known, the Danish batteries are placed ; not, indeed, in an even line—which would be, I believe, contrary to military science—but irregularly, one here and there projecting in front of the rest. Two of the projecting batteries, or bastions, are Numbers 2 and 6—the two which have been specially singled out by the Prussian engineers for bombardment. Number 2 is close to the left or south shore ; Number 6 is nearly in front of the windmill. We will suppose ourselves taking a walk in Denmark, and starting from the picturesque town of Sönderborg on an afternoon in the beginning of April, 1864. We cross one of the pontoon bridges, having previously shown to the sentry an order, signed and sealed, desiring him to allow two gentlemen, whose names are given, to inspect the works on Dybbøl. The Sund is about as wide at this place as the Thames at Richmond ; though, at the very southernmost point, it narrows to about half the distance : higher up, again, it is two or three times as wide. A few houses stand on the further bank, and an unlucky half-built ship, which they are rapidly pulling to pieces now, to save the timber ; it being clearly of no use to build a ship at a spot where it can neither get up nor down the straits. The bridges are guarded by a "tête de pont"—a big mound, that is, almost approaching the size of a small hill, fortified, and commanding the approach to the water. After crossing, we will turn to the left, and walk along the low cliffs. We are soon out of sight of town and batteries when once we have rounded the point, and are tracing the country path by the sea, through undulating fields and hedges ; and we might spend the day here in utter oblivion of such things as shells and batteries, but that every



now and then a flash from one of the green hills on the Broager coast, half opposite, half in front of us, brings thirty shillings'-worth of powder and iron to the high ground on our right, and we speculate as we walk, from the sound of the explosion, against which of the batteries the hostile messenger has been aimed. It will not do to follow this pleasant country path too far without getting a cover on our left; and we have by this time launched ourselves into a mysterious system of trenches, earth-works, rifle-pits, which spreads like the meshes of a net over the whole ground. We walk along some of these, keeping them on our left or our front, and ready to jump down and crouch behind them when the flash of a gun is seen. At first, perhaps, we might be a little ashamed of doing so before we have actually come to the line of fire; but shells, after all, are wayward, and the wind may carry them a little untrue now and then. Here we pass farm-buildings and cottages, roofless and empty: a shell has disposed of the roof, and the flames have removed the furniture. And now we are come to the line of batteries, and may either visit one or two of them, or pass among them where we please. Shall we turn up from the sea and continue along the maze of trenches towards the mill? Here is a long trench running in the right direction. It is perhaps four feet deep, and the wall or rampart on the shell-ward side may be four more feet high, and three thick. The ground has once been corn-land: nothing is sown there now but a kind of seed that makes a hole where it lights, much as if a large coalscuttle-full of soil had been dug out, and that comes up again very soon indeed after being laid down. The bottom of the trench is laid thick with straw; and in the straw are standing or leaning—they seem planted as it were in a greenhouse—a row of Danish soldiers. Many of them are doing nothing at all; but some are playing cards, many are sucking their long China pipes, and a few are reading or writing letters. Their muskets lie beside them, or lean against the side of the trench to trip up passers-by.

Or shall we go into one of the batteries? Each is surrounded by a little dry moat, and is entered by a draw-bridge where the pass must again be shown to a sentinel. Every one is most civil, and they seem even glad to see us. Conversation with the men is naturally fragmentary; we manage to indicate that we are English, and that we are glad to hear that no one has been killed in the battery that morning. The officers, if they can talk any English or French, will take us to the best points of view, and talk in a friendly way, and point out the Prussian outposts in the distance. Battery Number 5 is one of the best for securing the view, and it is near to the most active part of the firing. A battery is—how interested old Crimean officers must be to know what is coming!—a battery at Dybbøl is a court-yard, nearly filled by a block-house which is meant to be bomb-proof, and radiating in several directions into some four or five recesses like low fives-courts, in each of which one or two guns are placed. The floor of each of the fives-courts is considerably raised above that of what I have called the court-yard; their walls are of course enormously thick, and, on the side chiefly exposed to the enemy's fire, are about eight feet high. In Number 5 we enter one of the radiating courts, mount on a ledge of some kind, and before us is a glorious prospect. On the left, Broager-land across the sea. In front, even ground sloping away down towards woods and fields, in which and behind which the Prussians are hidden, and where we hear that they are just beginning their regular siege-works. The soil itself is cut up a little by shells, but otherwise, is purposely levelled, so as to give no cover to an attacking force. It seems trampled a good deal; and no wonder, for here was the thick of last Monday's fight. A little to the right is the famous Number 6, towards which so much of the enemy's kind attentions are directed. It looks less knocked about than we should expect from the constant fire. Before we have half finished our survey, we are hurriedly pulled by the sleeve. "Deck!" says a soldier, who is on the



look out; "Deck!" repeat those near him; the word goes round to "deck." He has seen a flash on the distant Broager cliffs, and the loud booming reaches us as we jump down. We gather behind the thick walls of our fives-court, and listen for the rushing of the shell. In a second or two the explosion is heard on the left, and we start up to see what it has hit. It was a well-aimed shot, and has fallen just short of Number 6: thirty-shillings' worth spent, and no damage done. Almost immediately, we are called down again; this time the explosion is some way behind us, and to our left: it has fallen in Number 2. Again we are up surveying the scene—wondering whether the enemy have begun their parallels yet behind yonder copse; speculating who there may be perched upon those quaint twin spires of Broager Church to look at us. This time there is a longer interval; and again we get under cover. There goes the sound of the firing, and here comes whizzing the shell—it is nearer to us this time—it is getting uncommonly near us. Perhaps we do draw breath a little, a very little, more easily when we have heard the explosion, and know that all is over. How it shook the ground that time! We get up to look out, and there, just outside our battery, a little patch of ground is still smoking, and the wind drives the smoke into our faces. So the time passes on. When we have seen enough, the men take us round the battery and show us their trophy. It is a Prussian shell which has failed to burst; the Danish soldiers got hold of it, took out the powder, and keep it in the battery, and they kick it about, and call it names, and tease it, and make its life a burden to it. We bid them good-bye; and it is not inglorious to trot rather quickly down the bit of open ground just outside the drawbridge till we are again in some degree of cover.

Here is the Dybbøl windmill! Poor old thing, it grinds no corn now! It stood firmly till the first attack, though two shells passed through it, and one blew up the shed adjoining it. The

enemy did not seem to aim at it when we were there; it rather served them as a useful mark on a dark day.<sup>1</sup> The ground in front of the windmill is not satisfactory ground to walk over when there is much firing; the undulating slopes are too thickly pitted with those big black holes. We walk quickly over it, the fire being at the time rather slack, and pick up bits of shells that are lying about. But it is as well not to loiter too much, and we move down from a little mound on which we are walking. After we have gone some thirty or forty yards, there is the old sound again from Broager, and the rushing noise comes nearer us. We are down on our faces in a moment, as there is no cover to get behind; and in an instant we see the earth torn up violently at the crest of the mound we have just left, and an ugly, dark fragment or two flying high over our heads. We soon move quickly off, and the soldiers at the bottom of the slope ask us, laughingly, whether that last one didn't come rather near us.

With ordinary care, the danger in a walk round the works is extremely small; but it sometimes surprises us that in those chiefly persecuted batteries there should be so small a loss of life. In fact, with all their marvellous skill—and the accuracy of the Prussian firing is really remarkable—the enemy do very little harm. The course of the day is this—The gunners on Broagerland awake apparently about eight or nine, and just fire off a few shells before breakfast, to give them an appetite; then they leave off for half an hour. A casual artilleryman has a single shot every now and then, in a desultory way, for the sake of keeping up the interest; and by ten o'clock everyone is ready for work. For the most part, it may be roughly said that the Prussian batteries on the Broager shore, like the fountains in Trafalgar-square, and the civil service clerks of the conundrum, "play" from ten to four. It is for these hours, at all events, that the firing is most incessant; though during all the evening

<sup>1</sup> The windmill was finally knocked over on the 11th of March.

and night the dull, booming sound is heard every now and then, with an occasional burst at about two in the morning, in order to lead ill-regulated minds to the idea of a night attack. The Prussians always use percussion shells; the Danes prefer fuzes. The accuracy of the Prussian rifled artillery is beyond all question; of that of the Danes there was less opportunity of judging, but we were told that at short ranges they made very good practice. The fuze shells have the merit, at any rate, of being the most picturesque of the two, as it is only by them that are formed those elegant circlets of smoke which form so prominent a feature in the bombardment-pictures of all the illustrated journals.

The 10th battery of the Düppel works leads us down to the Als Sund. We walked along the Sund, or Sound, one day—of course on the eastern side—with a view of trying to catch a sight of certain pontoons, which it was rumoured that the enemy had built and was concealing in a thick wood, two or three miles higher up on the Schleswig shore. We heard long afterwards that the rumour was a true one, and that the night had relays been fixed for the first Prussian attack. It is a pleasant walk; and it is amusing to pass in turn opposite the trenches of No. 10—then the Danish outposts, and then the Prussian outposts, and then a few hundred yards beyond them. It is a good thing that the pickets do not take it into their heads to shoot one another across the water, as we are told they sometimes do in the American war, or it might be a more dangerous walk than it is. They keep up the barbarous practice, we heard, at Fredericia, and occasionally, under excitement, they are tempted into it at Dybbøl; the whole day after the battle of the 28th they kept on peppering one another behind the covers. But a practice so obviously to the disadvantage of both sides naturally dies away, and it is considered, by a tacit convention, to be rather ungentlemanly to pick off opponents in this cold-blooded fashion. Accordingly, the walk was quite a safe one;

we noted the booms thrown across the Sound to keep off torpedoes and infernal machines; we showed the pass, as we went along, to the sentries who challenged us; and we cut beechwood walking-sticks *in memoriam*. It is most strange, this country-walking with the sound of the cannon constantly coming over to our ears. One may sit there, on the edge of the low cliff, and watch the busy hive of men opposite, and, as the shells come down upon them, look out for the cloud of smoke, and guess at which of the batteries it has burst. We used constantly to speculate upon the possibility of crossing over this Sound into Schleswig, or trying to get through the blockade in a boat over to some part of the coast near Flensborg; but in the end we gave up the idea. There were two strong reasons against it. In the first place, it would be hardly an appropriate recompense for the kindness we had received from the Danish commander and army; and, in the second, the task would have been an extremely dangerous one. "You see," said a candid friend, to whom we broached our idea one day, "the Danes will certainly shoot you as you start, and the Prussians will certainly shoot you as you come in." So we agreed to abandon the project.

On the other side—the south side—of Sönderborg, the best view of Broager is, of course, to be had; and it was from here that most of the lookers-on watched what they could of the late attack. There lies, quietly enough, but always with her steam up, the gallant *Rolf Krake*, which did such good service that morning. The Prussian reserves were massed over towards the left, and the attack, which was made at first along the whole line, gradually collected itself on the left centre. The *Rolf*, as she is familiarly called, steamed straight up along the Dybbøl shore, advanced as far as she could, and put in shell and canister as the Prussians moved up to the front; occasionally administering a shot or two to hint the value of discretion to the reserve. But it was chiefly when the fight was over that the prettiest feat was

done. She crossed the head of the Wemmingbund, made for the opposite shore, and coasted along it till she came right under the guns of the Broager batteries. Let her but keep close in to the shore, and she was safe; the shot passed over her funnel. Close in she kept, and brushed by them one after another; then, when the mouth of the last gun was passed, she dashed away to the open sea. Fast as she went, cannon carried faster, and shot and shell poured in upon her now as quick as they could load the guns. The lookers-on at Sønderborg trembled; they leapt up and cheered her at the top of their voices, as though the *Rolf* could hear them. The shell kept falling before and behind, to right and left of her. "They played round her like dolphins," said a witness of the feat to me, next day; but only four or five shots hit her, as it turned out, and the gallant iron-clad came away but little damaged from the iron storm that fell about her.

Even in the holiday guise in which we have seen it—even without its worst features of horror—this war is a sad and shameful thing. I find it hard to think with any philosophical contentment of some Schmidt or Müller on Broagerland, who does not care two silver groschen for all Holstein and Schleswig put together (more especially if he be not a Schmidt or Müller, but a recruit from Posen or Croatia), firing day after day with intent to kill and slay poor Hansen or Petersen, in the trenches. He is a machine in the hands of politicians, I know; and political questions are difficult; but the result is, that honest brave human beings are killed and torn in pieces. The smaller hardships even are not to be despised. Here is a hut, rudely thatched, and strewn with straw: Hans Petersen in the cold nights reposes in moderate comfort. A missile comes down at him, on strictly political grounds, and burns his hut and his straw. Somehow, I feel as if I could not reconcile it to my own conscience to cause Hans Petersen, or any one of my fellow-creatures, to undergo this hardship in a Denmark spring, un-

less for some great and undoubted good to himself or somebody else. Close to the Church Battery there is a mound of earth piled up; I saw forty bodies laid beneath it, not a month ago, which but for the self-will of some diplomatist would have been now the bodies of strong and healthy men. A kind-looking Lutheran priest, in a white ruff, pronounced the blessing of heaven on soldiers who had fallen in defence of their country; but it must seem but a mockery at the best to the children who have no father now to feed them. One little scene of war it happens that I recollect with peculiar distinctness. It was in one of the hospitals that we went over; a soldier had been wounded by a bullet in the ankle, and erysipelas had set in. The swollen, discoloured limb was lying bare; the patient could bear not even a touch. It chanced that his bed was close to a folding-door, which opened into another ward. It was now shut; but through a minute crevice a slight current of air came through upon the wounded leg. I see now the face of that man as he entreated that a cloth might be put over this tiny chink, and his look of trembling anxiety lest the limb should be roughly touched while it was being done. The pain of a surgical operation is a thing of course; or rather it may even become a beautiful sight, when one remembers the good that the sufferer reaps as he suffers. But the look of that one victim of the great Schleswig-Holstein question is with me while I write; the pain of that little current of air through the chink is just one more needless item in the great catalogue of human suffering, one additional pang which might and which ought to have been saved.

We left Sønderborg a few hours before the bombardment of the town began. That act of cruel violence stands by itself. Of it the Prussian general alone is guilty. The Prussian journals have tried to make excuses for it; and the excuses break down hopelessly. Fifty quiet people, non-combatants, fathers of families, mothers, children, killed; hundreds, houseless. We read that, as the town

had been visited with shells before, the inhabitants might have expected the bombardment. I simply answer that not a person in the town did expect it, and that the Prussian general ought to have made sure before he fired a shot. We are told that the town was fortified, or virtually fortified. But it was not fortified in any other sense than that of having two batteries near and one in it; and it had not been treated, up to the 3d of April, with the exception of those four or five shells, as anything but an inhabited town. If the enemy thought it necessary to attack the batteries, he could have done so; but it seems to me beyond question that the attack was purposely made upon the town itself. The little spire of the town-hall must, as far as one can judge, have been taken as a mark. The town-hall itself was hit; the Holsteinsches Haus, where we spent our last evening, and which is now in ruins, and the post-office, which is also destroyed, are close by it; the big storehouse by the water is almost exactly in the line; all the most injured parts of the town are near and about it. And, granting even that it was necessary for strategic reasons to destroy a town of some five thousand inhabitants, was it contrary to strategic customs to send them previous notice?

By the time we left Als—and we stayed but a few days there—we were Danes all over. It was impossible to help the contagion. Friends have often since been good enough to ask our opinion on the merits of the Prussians and Danes. The only possible answer is that such a visit clearly disqualifies the traveller from forming anything worth calling an opinion at all. After a couple of days we found we had passed into the habit of talking of "our" works, and "the enemy's" fire.

On the general questions at issue, indeed, neither of us is in any case competent to speak; and to balance the various degrees of disqualification of the rival houses, and settle the exact bearing of broken promises upon inconvenient treaties, may be difficult work even for international jurists. But one thing is certain. The Danes have been fighting at this spot, as bravely as ever Greeks or English fought, for homes and country. On the fatal 18th, the bravest and kindest spirit in all the Danish army was riding to the front, and fell, struck by a fragment of a shell. Some officers crowded round him to give assistance. "Leave me here;" he said, "my work is over; yours is just beginning." They went on; and, as they left him, he raised himself for a moment on his side, called after them, "Well done!" and, as the words left his lips, MAJOR ROSEN fell back and died. "Your work is just beginning." This to men, who for thirteen fearful days had endured, without shelter, as fierce a fire as ever was poured from the throats of a blazing circle of guns; to men whose simple duty, day after day, and night after night, had been to lie down at their posts and wait till their turn came to die! I know not what the future may have in store for the survivors; but the drama of Dybbøl is played out. It will be henceforward a name associated with the indomitable courage of a peasant army, unhelped by military skill, unprotected by military defence. It will be a name to be revered by all who delight to see, interrupting the commonplace sentiments of life, and revealing what is hidden behind them, a glimpse of the old heroic virtues, latent but not departed from the world.